Week ending September 27 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

STOP BLEATING ABOUT DEFEAT

British Sport Must Get Down to Business

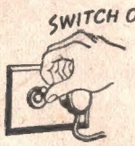
by PAUL IRWIN ★ SEE PAGE 11

DO I WASTE ELECTRICITY AND GAS?

I couldn't look my baby in the face!

"RIDICULOUS" I said at first. "Impossible to save electricity and gas when there's a baby in the house!" But when I thought of Baby's future I was sorry I had spoken. You see, I couldn't look him in the face if he had to go short of things he needed because I hadn't done my best.

If the factories want more gas and electricity I realised that I must try to use less. So I taught myself to read my meters, and soon I was saving quite a lot as well as keeping Baby warm and happy. Where there's a will there's a way, you know.



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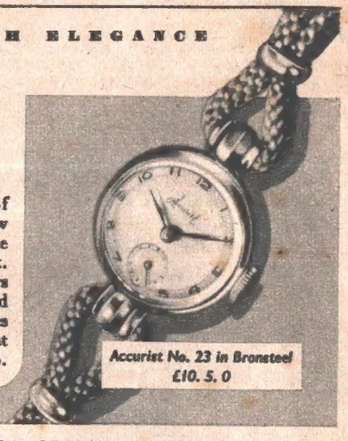

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SEPTEMBER 27, 1947 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 2152

Save the Children

SINCE THE FAMOUS Curtis Report, much has been done to protect children who depend on public care because they have no parents or homes of their own.

But lately there has been another disquieting increase in prosecutions of parents for cruelty or neglect of their children. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, should take note of this.

The fact is that most of these cases would never come to court, and much suffering would continue, if it were not for the ceaseless efforts of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

No one can criticize the achievements of this society. It carries on a vast and humane work, and its inspectors, in their difficult task, have saved countless young lives from ruin.

But this is the question: in an age of increased public awareness of our social responsibilities towards children—when we have family allowances, a higher school leaving age and many other reforms—should the State leave the burden of protecting helpless youngsters to a charitable institution?

N.S.P.C.C. inspectors lack the powers of the regular police force. They are often reviled as busybodies and obstructed in their mission. Meanwhile children suffer.

Chuter Ede ought to examine the present position and consider whether the N.S.P.C.C. should not be absorbed or replaced by a special section of the Home Office with full legal powers.

Lessons of Grimethorpe

THE FACT FINDING COMMITTEE which has been inquiring into the causes of the Grimethorpe pit dispute is due to report this weekend.

What the committee will say is important enough—but not so important as the reasons for which it was appointed, and the lessons that can be learned from them.

The Grimethorpe strike, which at one time looked like wrecking our coal production, causing widespread unemployment and even threatening the Government, is now history and will, we hope, remain so—a bad bit of history to be forgiven and forgotten.

It says something for our democracy that the dispute which started a major industrial upheaval of this kind should, in the end, have been referred to a committee consisting of two working miners and the general secretary of the county union.

We all know the basic facts. The Coal Board asked for an addition to the daily "stint"—the measure of work at the coal face—as a means of increasing production. Most pits accepted this without trouble or complaint. The men of Grimethorpe refused to work the extra stint because of local conditions which, they claimed, made the order unfair or impossible to carry out as laid down.

In other words, a national order came into conflict with regional facts and feelings. The men felt they were being pushed into something unworkable by civil servants sitting in offices miles away. When matters had gone too far, neither side would give way for fear of "loss of face." Result: stalemate and near-disaster.

What is the answer? Surely that the application of National Coal Board orders to local pits should be worked out by men on the spot, with power to agree to variations where they are justified. Decentralization of the Coal Board's authority is already promised—as soon as possible. It should be speeded up to prevent further local difficulties suddenly assuming the proportions of a national crisis.

Black Market "Baby"

THE BLACK MARKET BOYS are already cashing in on the new austerity. Many things are suddenly more difficult, even impossible, to get legitimately. Stocks have been mysteriously mopped up; shop shelves are emptying far too fast.

Sir Stafford Cripps has said that it is only we ourselves—consumers, workers, managements — who can effectively stop black market activities. What he means, of course, is that the honest section of the community must become snoopers for self-protection.

Now, few of us like snooping, even in its mildest and most necessary forms. But what choice have we if we want fair shares of everything at the right prices? Evidently the Government considers its own policing methods inadequate. And in that it is correct, for a huge army of official investigators would be needed to stamp out even half the present black market.

So we, the public, are left holding the overgrown, voracious black market baby. If we decide that snooping is the only effective way to protect ourselves, we are entitled to insist that the Government backs us up to the limit.

For too long, too many black market operators have been getting away with ineffectual punishments. Fines, even the heaviest ones, are not enough. There must also be stiff prison sentences, with hard labour in all the bad cases. Pass a hint, Sir Stafford, to the Home Office.

Stopping "Jay-spending"

IN LITTLE MORE THAN A MONTH we are to hear Hugh Dalton's second Budget speech of 1947.

The reason is not that the Chancellor wants more money—but that he wants the taxpayer to have less.

Something must be done to check the inflation which will otherwise result from the new export programme.

That programme will drastically decrease the amount of goods we can buy in Britain. It will certainly not decrease, but may increase, the amount of wages in circulation. So spending power must be artificially reduced.

Hitherto, the Chancellor has had to balance discouragement of spending against the need to leave people some incentive to earn more money.

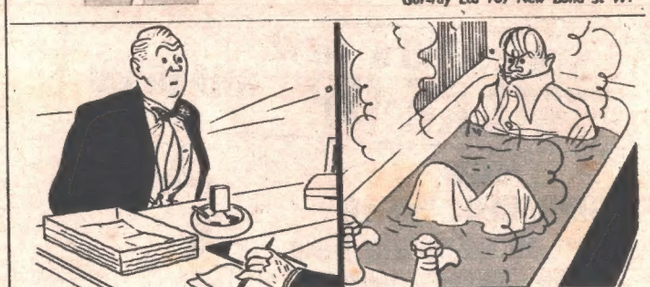
This time he will probably assume that we all have a weightier and more permanent motive—survival.

For if the people do not by this time realize the full meaning and necessity of the Government's export plans, there is indeed no future for Britain except as a pensioner of her rich relations in North America.

It is work or bust, save or bust, endure or bust.

Therefore no sensible person will grumble at an emergency autumn Budget which will clamp down on "jay-spending"—so long as the clamp-down is equal in degree for all classes and all income levels.

most wonderful trip. Yet, it's heavenly being home again. Peter, the pet, had a box of my favourite Black Magic chocolates waiting. How I adore those marvellous centres!
BLACK MAGIC



1 Choke-shrink... Neil's interview went fine until that button flew off. His shirt was a good fit when new. Now it's choking him with embarrassment!

2 Hope-shrink... John hasn't slipped up on the soap! He bought his shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage. Now he's hoping to shrink it to fit.

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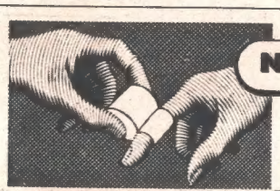

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The Boultons—London white collar family—at home. His £5 3s. 2d. a week leaves only £1 for food

WHAT'S HAPPENING down Acacia Avenue?

by HARRY HOPKINS

The bank clerk was once the envy of the industrial worker. Today the roles have been reversed. Are we in danger of creating a vast new class of white collar slum dwellers?

"Sir, I write as President of the Professional Classes Aid Society. The number of new applicants for aid during the year was nearly double. . . . There is anxiety for the future. . . ." —*The Architectural Review.*

"Increases bringing the daily earnings of London dockers up to nearly £3 a day had to be granted before the unloading could finish. Another recent claim was for bending money."—*Daily Express.*

THESE TWO ITEMS UNDERSCORE a question many thousands are asking themselves today. They ask it as they turn to their newspapers and find the Government in one column luring miner-trainees with £10-£12 for a five-day week, and in the next advertising for Atomic Research Officers ("university degree with experience of electronic technology") at £6 10s.

They ask it again as they run their eye down the "Sits. Vac." column and note one firm offering £6 14s. for window-cleaners ("permanent jobs") while another invites applications from qualified accountants ("organization experience essential")—at the same figure.

The question is novel, a little startling, and very practical. It is: *Can You Afford a White Collar Job?*

In a million "Laurels" and "Chez Nous," in ten thousand Acacia Avenues up and down the land, teachers and civil servants and bank clerks and their wives are asking each other that question as they look ruefully at their five, six or seven pounds and compare it with the £10 of the jig-borer or West End waiter, the garment cutter or trawler-hand's £15, the Fleet Street linotype operator's £20.

Many a young research worker echoes it when, fresh down from his university, he finds that the toolmakers or the chargehands in his works are more than doubling his pay.

Was it worth it? The financial struggle, the waiting, the years of hard study—while a London bus driver is averaging £6 8s. a week, and the young girl next door brings home £5 18s. from her clothes-peg factory. . . .

The "workers," the white collar men hear, must have "incentives." But from them, it seems, application, neatness, responsibility, accuracy are merely taken for granted: a condition of progress.

They have their "nice little homes" in the suburbs, yes. But how often today does a neat pair of curtains conceal an ill-stocked cupboard? For these people may be poor, but the unforgivable sin is to *look* poor.

Felt Hats versus Caps

Many a white collar man today bitterly regrets his working-class parents' determination that *their* child should "rise in the world," should wear a felt hat instead of a cap, should sit at a desk and keep his hands clean.

When young B went into banking everyone thought he was made for life. You had to have pretty influential backing to get them to look at you at all. "I went before a board of six," he says. "It was like going to see Hitler. There was a man walking behind to take notes on how you walked. . . ."

And where has all that, the examinations and the rest of it, got him today? B is thirty-five, with a young child. He's a security clerk—a pretty responsible sort of job that calls for a knowledge of banking and company law.

"We can just get by, being very careful, and going without an annual holiday," he told me. With income tax deducted, he is now making £490 a year, of which 33s. goes each week in paying back his bank's loan for the house he had to buy. Rates take £26 a year.

He gives his wife £5 and keeps 10s. back for himself out of which also come odds and ends like pennies for the gas meter or the price of a wireless receiving licence.

One insurance policy he has to take out under a bank rule. Since, if he died, his wife would receive only £3 a week "at the discretion of the directors," he's taken out a £500 endowment policy.

He also has a short-term policy covering the education of his child "to make sure he gets a good technical education and doesn't have to become a bank clerk."

"We never go anywhere. I smoke half a dozen cigarettes a day. Fortunately, both my wife and myself were pretty well provided with clothes from prewar."

A little group of bank men were telling me about their white collar troubles in Mr. and Mrs. A's house in one of Hull's "avenues," long tree-lined rows of solid Victorian houses that had come down in the world. A descent that was symbolic.

"What gets us down," said C, another bank clerk, "is seeing chaps down at the Fish Dock rolling in money, or workers driving up to the steel works in Sheffield in their own cars.

"I know it sounds terribly snobbish. But we can't live in a slum. We want to give our children an education at least as good as our own.

"Maybe it's 'white collar consciousness' that makes us pay fifteen guineas for suits. But you know competition's keen. You have to do as others do in a bank."

Mr. A—a bank second officer—put in a bit of reminiscence about one manager who'd always insisted on his cashiers wearing navy blue, and Mrs. A said that during Hull Fair Week when they had to count mountains of copper ("a mixture of beer

and dirt") Mr. A needed a clean shirt almost every day.

"What it really comes to is that these things are permanent overheads for us," was A's summing-up.

"We've been married thirty years and everything's just about falling to pieces," said his wife. "Repairs and renewals are a terrific item. We just never seem to have the odd half-crown."

It was a mild and reasonable conversation in that pleasant book-strewn room. But underneath you could detect a note of injured protestation, of bewilderment, as if they didn't know what had hit them, or what they had done to deserve it.

What *is* happening down Acacia Grove? Statistically at least, the answer is fairly simple. Between 1938 and today the cost of living rose by at least fifty-five per cent. In the same period, industrial wages rose by ninety per cent and the average wage for men in industry, including unskilled, now stands at £6 0s. 9d.

White collar pay, on the other hand, utterly failed to keep pace with the cost of living. The pay of insurance officials rose only ten to fifteen per cent.

The McNair Committee reported that the pre-war salaries of teachers "when we consider the nature of their work, the need for their enjoyment of a life of reasonably high cultural standards, and the fact that they have domestic and family responsibilities not differing from those of other men" were "demonstrably inadequate."

Chasing the Cost of Living

So in 1945 a new Burnham scale made increases. But by this time the cost of living had soared so far that the real value of the improved salaries was actually less than the value of those the official committee had condemned.

That is not the whole story. For while his pay lagged behind, the white collar man's cost of living rose more steeply than that of the industrial worker.

Most white collar men must travel into the centre of big cities. In London 10s. a week on transport is common.

The factory worker has his canteens. But many a white collar man must spend his lunch-hour queueing at cheap cafes—or pay more than he can afford. An official of a famous insurance company had this to say:

"Many of the staff can't afford even the cheapest lunch and are forced to make shift with sandwiches. Many have to think twice before having their shoes repaired. Salaries are exhausted long before the end of the month, necessitating borrowing and re-borrowing."

In the "Remarks" space on a questionnaire sent out by his union, a twenty-four year old Class I Postal and Telegraph Officer scribbled: "I want to marry, but this is impossible on Post Office pay as my £3 19s. wouldn't keep me, let alone my wife. All one can do is to remain courting until one reaches the maximum at thirty-two years of age—and this I do not intend to do, for I would sooner dig ditches for £5 10s. to £6 a week and be happily married."

The truth is that if Britain has a "Submerged Tenth" today, it is not in the slums, but behind the neat lace curtains of Suburbia.

You will find it among the clerks in lawyers' offices, among second-rate accountants exploited by their more successful brethren, among the 70,000 officials of 120 insurance companies which still refuse a regular wage scale, and, in its most solid concentration perhaps among the strangely permanent "temporary" civil servants.

They told me I'd be sure to find Mr. W. J. Boulton, London temporary clerk, at home—because he can't afford to go out.

They were right. I found him in front of the house watching his two and a half years old daughter, Daphne.

We went inside and he introduced me to his wife, his baby, and his budget.

Boulton has been a "temporary" since July, 1945, when he started at the T/C III's basic rate of £4 12s. a week. Then in the spring of this

The front "garden" which is Daphne's playground. Cinemas are a rare luxury

year came the great day when he was promoted T/C II and given £5 2s. a week—seven shillings more than an "established" messenger.

This was the budget. It has been affected slightly by the recent increase granted by the Treasury—six shillings a week in Boulton's case:

	£	s.	d.
Rent		17	0
Light		1	4
Gas		5	0
Coal (winter)		4	1
Food	1	0	0
Baby food, three tins		15	0
Dinners at office		10	0
Tea and rolls at office		5	0
Fares		10	0
Cigarettes		5	0
Total	4	12	5
Pay (with deductions)	4	18	2
Family Allowance		5	0
Total	5	3	2
Balance for clothing and to-do-what-we-like-with		10	9

Sitting in a window seat, keeping a traffic eye on Daphne playing down below, Boulton gave me a running commentary on that budget.

"£1 for rations . . . you can't get it any cheaper than that no matter how you try . . . I know my wife often goes without herself just to have something warm for me when I come home at night. Cigarettes used to be my luxury but I've cut down to three small packets a week.

Britain's New Poor

"This is about as near a holiday as I ever get. We get eighteen days a year but I can't afford to go anywhere. Just take odd days off here and there to break the monotony. The wife's going to the pictures this week. I suppose that means we shall have to stay in on Sunday.

"I see there's a woman over from America says we shouldn't have any children for the next ten years. I think she should go back to America. Why, the only real happiness you have is a kiddie.

"But they're growing all the time. They need something new nearly every week. My wife keeps talking about getting a fairy cycle for Daphne's birthday. Maybe if we put sixpence a week away for the next five years we'll be able to manage it."

And that, variously expressed in every accent from Stepney to Oxford, is the heart cry of Britain's New Poor, the six-million-strong white collar legion which is today watching the fungus of shabby gentility creeping over its cherished ideals of security, respectability, independence and culture, real or assumed.

Consider for instance the case of X, research chemist in charge of a section of a large laboratory. Our position in the trade race very largely depends on the efforts of such white collar men as X. It is vital that they should be able to give themselves to their jobs undistracted by petty worries.

Now let us see what is really happening. X is twenty-eight years old, married with two children, and earning £550 a year.

Poor little £500 a year man!

Let's go back a bit to the three years X spent at London University struggling to live on thirty shillings a week.

His first job as a graduate earned him £150 a year. He waited till he was making £400 before he married. By this time a working man would have had just a little put away. X was still paying off the loan for his university education.

The young couple started married life in a single room, into which they put furniture worth £50. Then came three months' unemployment—by which time they had one child and another on the way.

They sold some of their furniture and clothes. They lived with friends on tick, piling up a debt of £60 for food and fuel. Then X got a job on the outer fringe of London. Unable to find the deposit to buy a house, he had to live with his wife's mother on the opposite side of London, involving costly rail journeys.

"Books?" he said. "The only book I've bought in the last few years was with a book token for Christmas. We haven't been to the theatre for more than a year. We get to the cinema perhaps once in three weeks. We never eat out. I've only one suit; my wife only a couple of dresses.

"I get 1s. 2d. lunches in the junior clerks' canteen because there's a 3d. service charge in the canteen I'm supposed to use. Getting £550 just puts us outside the 'panel' limit . . . so now we dare not send for a doctor unless it's very serious.

"There are expenses I just can't avoid. I subscribe £10 to learned and university societies to keep in touch with my profession. When I shall see myself actually straight and living within my income I don't know."

"Poor little £500 a year man?" Maybe.

Was it Worth it?

But X is lucky. For there is a "Submerged Tenth" among scientific workers, too—the men who lack the hallmark of a university, who qualified by five or six years' hard slogging at night schools. Many of these men, over forty, rich in experience, are not making more than £5 a week.

When they read of casual workers making £10 down at Covent Garden shelling peas, well may they ask: Was it worth it?

What's to be done?

First, let's get this clear: Is there any reason why a man should be paid more just because he wears a white collar? There may, indeed, be reasons why he should be paid less.

"Class" won't pay off any more—and too many white collar workers still spoil their case by refusing to see it. After all, if the white collar man envies the lot of the labourer, what is to stop him throwing down his pen and taking up a shovel?

In fact, a white collar walkout is already on. And those who are sticking to their white collars are discarding more and more the tinsel haloes that too often went with them.

But there's a wider moral. In giving the industrial worker his due at last, let us not fall into the equally perilous inverted snobbery of grinding down the worker by brain. The urgent thing today is to close the yawning gulf between workshop and office, "wage" and "salary."

In the Britain we seek to build there is no room for white collar snobs.

Nor for white collar slaves either.

White collar or dirty collar or no collar at all, we are all workers now, and as such—and only as such—are we entitled to respect and worthy of our hire, no more and no less.

There's no stand-in for MOTHER LOVE

by LEN CHALLONER

Science must give place to mothering when it comes to curing a sick child. A doctor's experiments point the way

"Mother-and-child partnership should be maintained from the moment the child is born"

I HESITATED. MY THREE-YEAR-OLD daughter knew that I was going to leave her "for a little while," and further goodbyes would only make it harder for both of us. She was gazing across at a little boy whose cot was next to her own.

I slipped quietly down the ward. My expression must have betrayed something of what I felt, for as I neared the glass door a woman in a nearby bed spoke to me. (It was a semi-private hospital with a small ward of two children's cots and eight grown-up beds.) "I know how you must feel," she said, "but the nurses here are really sweet with the children."

I pressed her hand. We had lost a tiny daughter a few years before, following an operation, and my present task was not easy. The woman's kind words did something to lighten the load.

But had I been one of the fortunate mothers whose children were patients at the Newcastle Babies Hospital, where before the war they tested the theories of Dr. J. C. Spence, I should never have experienced those agonizing moments of parting. I should not have had to leave my daughter.

Babies and very young children feel themselves and their mothers to be almost one person. So great is the need for this relationship, that being separated from its mother seems to the child like losing part of itself. It is an immense shock. To be ill at the same time, and possibly to have to undergo painful treatment, increases the effect of the shock—and shock does not help anybody to get better quickly.

Moreover, small children cannot even understand the need for separation in illness. Some wonder if it is some kind of punishment for their angry feelings or bad behaviour at other times.

Nurses Kept in the Background

It was in an attempt to meet this psychological problem of the separation of mother and child that Dr. Spence, Nuffield Professor of Child Health at Durham University, began his experiments at Newcastle.

"Each mother and child," he explains, "lived together in their own room in the hospital, arranged to give an atmosphere of domestic comfort which would not be alien to them. In the background there were experienced nurses and doctors to give technical aid when required. The mother was given as much responsibility as possible, receiving, for example, her child straight from the operating theatre into her own arms. She lived with the child continually, and at all stages shared fully in the credit for its recovery.

"A contrasting group of mothers, with infants similarly ill, remained at home while their infants were treated in hospital. They endured the usual anxiety of separation and waiting which is common to these circumstances. After a few weeks each mother returned to the hospital to receive her child at the hands of nurses and others who had been responsible for its care and cure."

A study of these two groups of women over several years revealed remarkable differences. In sharing the experience of illness and cure with their children, the first group built up their confidence and enhanced their capacity for caring for them; but for the others the continuity of their joint life had been broken. Both mother and child were at a disadvantage because of their separation during the critical weeks of anxiety.

In a recent lecture to the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Spence showed that his plan is a practical proposition. With co-operation from the mothers, a hospital with only fifty beds could treat twice as many children in a year as one with a hundred beds which was handicapped by the understaffed conditions of today.

Only a few other hospitals are today adopting Dr. Spence's plan. In the meantime, he is urging that the policy should be extended to maternity hospitals—that the partnership between mother and child should be maintained from the very moment that the child is born, and that wherever possible they should not be separated.

At a time when the maternal instinct is most ready to flourish, the baby should be near his mother all the time, where she can see him and pick him up and fondle him if she wishes, and where she can watch the routine business of bathing and dressing and so learn in the process. The partnership of breast feeding would be more readily established in these conditions and hygiene need not suffer. The babies themselves would thrive on more mothering.

That is Dr. Spence's argument, and there is support for it in the experiences of specialists in America. At one time doctors at the famous Bellevue hospital were baffled by the failure of the babies to respond to the meticulously hygienic surroundings in which they were born and reared. Glass walls separated each baby from the next; masked nurses changed overalls between each patient; visitors, including parents, were allowed to see the babies only through glass. Yet some of the babies just wasted away.

Finally, the leading physician decided that what the babies really lacked was that overlooked essential—mothering. He made drastic changes. Mothers were allowed to come and hold their babies. Nurses were encouraged to pick up and love the babies. Result: a startling decrease in the mortality figures.

Medical science has come a long way. With antiseptics, sterilization and other hygienic safeguards, it has greatly reduced the risks of serious illnesses. But perhaps in the pursuit of the mechanics it has tended to lose sight of the humanities. There is no way of reducing mother-love to a formula; yet it is as important in treating illness as anything that hospitals can provide.

Mothers' Chance

Now at last science is on the side of the mothers. I feel it is up to mothers themselves to talk together on all these things; in their clubs or co-ops, or Women's Institutes, or churches or mothers' meetings, and get their voice heard through these groups by the health and medical authorities, the M.P.s and so on. That is how things get done, and now is the time—when the whole of the health services of the country are under review. . . .

It is obvious that so radical a change in hospital routine would present administrative problems, and not every mother could take advantage of it, yet it should be given a wide trial. It is a revolution which could have the most beneficial results for the child, his mother and, not least, our overworked hospital staffs.

Clubs are occupying spare time of 300,000 youths. Inevitably home life is affected. The question is: for better or for worse?

It's dance night. Members relax with tea and cake between dances. In summer, the boys went camping

YOUTH CLUBS take over from HOME

by KATHLEEN TAYLOR

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD JOHN THACKERAY, dark-haired, slightly-built fitter's mate in a garage, seemed in a hurry to finish his work.

"Club again tonight?" asked the fitter. "What is it this time, road-running, P.T. or games?"

"Library duty," John said, "and after that we have classical music on the gramophone. Wednesday's a good night," he added.

"Seems to me that every night's a good night," said the fitter. "I bet you spend more time in that club of yours than you do in your own home."

John didn't deny it. He is a keen member of the Crown and Manor Boys' Club in Hoxton, one of the best in London. And it does see him much more than his home. He finds plenty there to interest him four nights a week from seven till ten: table tennis, billiards, P.T., football—and the library with its 800 books and the comfortable lounge with its armchairs.

"That's the place to go to in winter," the boys will tell you. "In summer we go camping week-ends and have more outdoor club life."

John Thackeray is an only child. His parents would probably like to see more of him. But they like him to belong to the club because "it has a good reputation." Certainly youth clubs are becoming a part of our pattern of life. We have 2,210 boys' clubs with 177,000 members, and 2,000 girls' and mixed clubs with 130,000 members.

What is the effect on the home? Do youth clubs occupy the time and attention of teenagers too much, interfering with normal family life?

Club leaders say that parents could quite easily complain that the club does break up family life. "We take an enormous amount of their children's time—the parents hardly see them at all," one leader of an East London club told me. Sports, handicrafts, dancing, sex talks, table tennis and a dozen other things attract them.

Undoubtedly the home is the best club. But in working-class districts home conditions are often so cramped that there is little room for a boy or girl to sit down quietly in an armchair and read a book.

Some clubs are well run; others not so well. A good club, far from breaking up home life, strengthens it in the long run. The club leader's duty is not only with the members. He should make the parents feel part of the club. It is not enough to know where their children are. They should also know and be interested in what they are doing.

Friend of the Parents

Jimmy Doyle, leader of the Hoxton Crown and Manor Boys' Club, is himself an old club boy. He knows the district, the boys and their parents. And, what is more important, they know him. Parents, mothers especially, talk to him as a friend of the family.

"Our club's an influence in this district," he claims. And this story proves it. One day the mother of a member stopped him in the street and told him that she was having a very difficult time at home with her son. Jimmy Doyle was astounded. She was talking about a boy who was a model club member.

"He's a perfect beast at home," she said. "I don't know what to do."

The boy was carefully tackled about his behaviour and it turned out that the mother had married again. He was the eldest child and bitterly resented his stepfather. "We gave him a good talking to and pointed out how silly he was; that his mother had a right to enjoy her life."

Eventually he made friends with his stepfather who now comes along to the club to watch him box.

Dance night warms up to a jitterbug session. Parents are often invited to watch the fun

Youth clubs were first started about a hundred years ago in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and London where industrial and housing conditions were a scandal. Young, humane men tried to ease the lot of the working-class boys.

Fifty years ago the boys' clubs really were "a refuge from the streets." Most parents are still inclined to regard them solely as that.

They are, in fact, far more. Youth club officials say that the clubs today give the young people a chance to play games, to get into the country, to appreciate art and music and literature. Above all, they teach citizenship.

Mrs. Goodwin, a mother of two boys aged eleven and sixteen, is all for the youth clubs. "Young people should be with young people," she says, "and the clubs do very much for them. For one thing there's room for their high spirits. My boys can let off steam.

"Then the club leader takes them to theatres and concerts. That's something we can't afford to do. It teaches them to appreciate music and good books. It's a Godsend to us. We've only got a four-roomed council flat—a bit on the smallish side."

Her elder boy is serious-minded. Club leaders are always on the lookout for potential leaders. So Mrs. Goodwin's son is enjoying plenty of opportunities which thrill her just as much as they do the boy.

"He's going to an international course at Amersham in July to meet boys from six different nations," she told me. He is an apprentice carpenter. In addition to club activities he goes to evening classes twice a week and "reads a lot."

Mothers Are Grateful

All this, his mother is convinced, is due to the club's influence. He has met other boys at week-end courses and been given opportunities to mix with all kinds of people.

This has fired him with a desire to improve his own knowledge and his speech. She is proud and happy about it all.

I've been to a good many clubs and spoken with a good many members and parents. Their remarks could form a pattern. The clubs are needed and appreciated.

In her book, *Youth*, Professor Olive Wheeler puts the case for youth clubs most clearly.

"What adolescents need," she says, "is a simpler kind of society in which to learn to control their instincts and try their powers. Their natural love of adventure, their tendencies to wander, their need to construct and create with their hands as well as with their minds, their instinct of self-display, and their growing social impulses can find legitimate avenues of expression in clubs organized for their benefit.

"Instead, then, of the herd instinct expressing itself in the formation of gangs, this instinct has frequently been directed by a well-organized club into socially useful channels."

The pity is, of course, not that there are youth clubs, but that there are so few. After all, 4,210 clubs with little more than 300,000 members can only be considered a beginning.

Joe Tempest had a flair for publicity. And if his "accidents" were not always "accidental" . . . well, business is business

THE WIDE LOOK

by JOHN MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

BEFORE I CAN EVEN SAY "Hello!" Penny says: "There's a Greek in your office. And a whiff of cheap scent attached to a flowered chapeau. Oh, boy, the company you do keep!"

I open the door of the inner room. A stout, bald party with jowls like a Labrador rises and bows from the waist. I am conscious of the odour of violets and my eye side-slips and fastens on as tempting a morsel as ever graces my old padded office chair.

The girl's eyes beneath the brim of a flower-bedecked straw hat fall demurely but just before the shutdown I see the Wide Look. That look tells me that this young lady gets around a bit. The fact that she is little more than nineteen only means that she is somewhat of a hustler and puts in a little overtime in the charm game.

"You are Mr. Joseph Tempest?" the Greek asks. "The great publicity gentleman who tells the world about the world?"

I bow, too. "You have the firm's slogan off pat, sir. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Gregor Tremello. And this is my daughter, Pipa. I own the Troy Restaurant in Soho. Ah! I see you just do not know of its existence. I do not wonder. That is why I am here."

I sit down at my desk. The girl keeps her eyes down. Her father does the talking.

"I want you to help me, Mr. Tempest. My restaurant deserves to succeed. The food is good, the position central, and I make my patrons comfortable. The trouble is—there are not enough patrons.

"In other words you want a bit of publicity," I say, and he nods so that his great jowls quiver.

"I pay you well——!"

"That's O.K.; we have a scale of charges."

I ASK him some questions: is any enterprising journalist writing his restaurant up, does any famous person visit it, does he have a special dish, and so on.

He says no to most of this.

"Come down to see the place for yourself, sir. We will give you the best."

"Perhaps I will."

"I'll keep you the best table; though," adds Mr. Tremello sadly, "that will not be very difficult. There is no great rush for tables, good or bad."

At last I tell him I will call that evening, and, shaking his hand and bowing to his daughter, I shoot them into the outer office.

Two minutes later Penny comes into my room. I don't need to ring. She reads my mind.

"Has she stolen your wits away?" she asks.

I scowl. "This is no way to speak to the big chief. She is very charming, I think."

"You would! But don't forget that these Greek girls go off very early in life. Charming, indeed!"

I laugh and Penny laughs, too. For a moment she does not look like an efficient secretary at all but like a very lovely young female, which she is.

"I'm glad business is brisking up, anyhow," she says. "What does he want?"

I explain.

"Any ideas?" she asks.

I am indignant.

"I'm full of ideas. This job is simple. In addition, we kill two birds with one stone."

"How?"

"Remember Danny Farrell?"

"The boxer?"

"Yes! I see him last night and he tells me he's back in training. He has a tough break six months ago when he wrenches his leg just before his big fight for the cruiserweight title. He assures me he's coming on fine. He'll have to get back to where he was six months ago before he gets another crack at the title, but he's young."

"And handsome," Penny murmurs reflectively.

"Don't interrupt! Anyhow, I thereupon promise I'll see the papers get some dope about him, and a few pictures. But now we know Mr. Tremello I guess I can do more for him than that."

"Meaning?"

"I'll get him down to the Troy Restaurant. It'll give us a new set of pictures and we can bring in the name of the Troy Restaurant for Mr. Tremello's benefit."

Penny eyes me in a sideways manner.

"What's behind all this? Surely the great brain of Joe Tempest, Press publicist, can devise a better stunt th .n this? I can't see picture editors falling over themselves to publish pictures bearing the caption: 'Boxer eats in Soho Restaurant.' You're slipping."

I frown. But inwardly I am mighty pleased.

"Out!" I say, "and get Danny on the phone right away. I'd like to fix this up here and now."

I reach the Troy Restaurant at about half-past eight. It is the usual dump: big windows on to the street, with a view past lace curtains of a long, narrow room, with small tables with silk-shaded lamps, and waiters standing expectantly about. Outside is a little palisade painted white and two mock tables and four shrubs at

Pipa, awe-struck admiration in her eyes, is smiling into Danny's face when Ed arrives

each side of the door as if, at a more suitable moment, dinner might be served on the very pavement among the undergrowth.

Mr. Tremello greets me and bows me to a table away from the entrance. He invites me to try his special mousaka, and when it comes it is very good indeed. I have some red wine which he assures me comes from his homeland but which I assure myself comes from Algeria. Then I have a caramel pudding and finish off with Turkish coffee and Curaçao.

In all this time about twenty people have dinner. There are about thirty tables so the place has an empty look.

"Come into my office, sir," Mr. Tremello says when I have quite finished.

I see Pipa sitting at a kind of seat of custom in a corner and I realize that she is the officiating priestess who takes the money and sells cigarettes. I try to catch her eye but she ignores me. I wonder why until I see her swap glances with a mean-looking individual in a black pin-stripe suit and purple shirt. It is the Wide Look again and I realize I am right about her.

I enter a tiny office at the bottom of a flight of stairs in the back regions which, I suspect, leads up to Mr. Tremello's living quarters.

"Have a cigar," Mr. Tremello says: but I shake my head and light another cigarette from the butt of the old one.

"Well, what have you to tell me?"

I outline my scheme. He is not very enthusiastic, but he supposes I know my own job best. He sighs. I ask him why.

"It is Pipa," he says. "She is restless. If I had my wife here still she would know what to do. But Pipa is headstrong. She encourages the men, but not the right ones unfortunately."

"I see she has a friend here tonight."

His eyes flash. "He is no friend. He is one of the worst characters in Soho. He has more money than he knows what to do with. And where he gets it—ah, that is another matter. Not honestly, that I can be sure. He has turned Pipa's head, the little donkey. But for him she would have suitors enough, nice young chaps——"

"Why don't you kick him out?"

He looks at me, amazed.

"But he would come back with a gang and smash my place up. No! I cannot do such a thing."

"What's his name?" I ask.

"Ed Thompson! I wish," says Mr. Tremello, "that the police would lock him up. But they have nothing on him."

"Does he come every night?"

"No! Tomorrow he will not be here. I overhear him tell Pipa that. Tomorrow would perhaps be a good time to take those photographs, eh? I don't want scum like Ed Thompson knowing all about my business."

A LITTLE later I go, promising to bring Danny Farrell and a photographer with me on the following evening when things are at their busiest. As I go through the restaurant I see that Pipa is now smiling at me. I see also that Ed Thompson has gone. I smile back and once more get the Wide Look.

It is as if she is saying: "But you men are all so wonderful! I'd do anything for you!"

I leave her to her thoughts, for I have lots to do. When, later, I go home I am pleased I have got what I want and seem well on the way to another successful little job.

The following evening I accompany Tommy Todd and his camera to the Troy Restaurant. Danny Farrell is already there.

He gives me a big "Hello!" and I have a word with him as he eats.

"See the little girl at the desk?"

"I'm not blind, Joe," he grins. "She does my sight good."

"Well, I'm going to ask her to sit at your table. It will make a nice picture. 'Well-known boxer and friend dining at the Troy Restaurant.' No one need know she is the proprietor's daughter."

"Don't forget the name is Danny Farrell," he says. "There are too many well-known boxers around for my liking!"

"O.K."

I go over to the desk picking up Mr. Tremello on the way. I explain my plan and Mr. Tremello is quite agreeable. So is Pipa when she hears. She has little thought for me tonight. I have noticed, ever since I arrive, that she has had her eyes on Danny's curly mop.

She goes to Danny's table, and, with a grace surprising in so clumsy-looking a man, he bows over her hand. I wait for it, then smile to myself. For she gives him the Wide Look and he falls for it, hook, line and sinker.

Danny gets on with his dinner, and Pipa is served the sweet. Tommy gets his photos and they are lovely jobs with Pipa looking wide-eyed at Danny, who is telling her all about his early fights and his ambitions for the future.

They are having coffee when Ed Thompson arrives. He is not alone. Following him down the restaurant come two tall, rangy individuals in very tight-waisted suits with cigarettes screwed in their mouth corners. All three look very mean in their expressions to me.

Pipa is smiling up into Danny's face, a look of awe-struck admiration in her eyes as he talks. She does not see Ed till he is level with her table.

Then with a little squeal she catches sight of him. Danny looks up with a frown, not knowing what to make of it.

Ed Thompson, fixing his dead slant eyes on Danny, jerks his head towards the door.

"Scram!" he says.

Now sitting down Danny looks a medium-sized man with wide shoulders. It is only when his legs come into play you realize how big he really is.

But Ed Thompson's expression does not change when Danny slowly unwinds himself.

"Did I hear you say 'Scram'?"

"You did!"

"Why, you little rat!" Danny reaches out a big hand and seizes Ed by the padded shoulder.

Pipa whimpers, a woman at a nearby table screams, then Ed and his two henchmen go to work. Knuckledusters flash in the lights.

But Danny is more than a match for them. In fact, they make one fatal mistake. They know they have a big man to deal with but not that he is in line for a cruiserweight title fight.

Quite a lot of crockery is smashed, several chairs and tables fly into splinters in the first few minutes. Then Danny knocks Ed cold with a piledriver, wards off a blow from a chair leg, and sails in, both fists moving like greased pistons.

IT is soon over. By this time the police, summoned by a 999 call put in by Mr. Tremello, are there. Ed Thomson and his henchmen are taken away into the night.

"He says he will be busy tonight," Pipa wails. "I never expect him to turn up."

"That will teach you the sort of fellow he is," her father cries. "I hope you are not injured, Mr. Farrell."

Danny shakes his head. He does not pay much attention to Pipa, for which I am glad. I suspect he does not like her quite as much with her defences down.

I make my excuses and go by taxi with Tommy, who has got some superb pictures of the fight, to Fleet Street.

"Of course," Penny says next day, when we are assessing the amazing amount of publicity the Troy Restaurant and Danny Farrell have achieved, "you have the luck of the devil. If that Ed Thompson hadn't turned up when he did you would have been lucky to have had one picture printed."

"As a matter of fact," I say, quietly, "it isn't luck at all that Ed Thompson turns up when he does. I know, as soon as I set eyes on Pipa, what sort she is. It stands to reason she is carrying on with someone, and someone who is not too attractive a proposition.

"I find my theory is correct when I visit the Troy Restaurant the night before last. I find out Ed Thompson's address by a few careful inquiries in the Soho pubs and send him an anonymous letter saying Pipa is carrying on with someone else. He rises to the bait."

"But even you can't know that Ed Thompson will have some stolen jewellery in his pocket when he visits the restaurant and that the police will be able to pin a serious rap on him!"

"I admit that, though as he isn't coming to the restaurant that night he must be doing something else, mustn't he? I believe he will first do that something else and then attend to Pipa's admirer. It happens to be a burglary, which is lucky. We great men always have to rely to a certain extent on chance, Miss Worth. Be good enough to bring in the next client!"

"There isn't a next client," she snaps.

I smile. "There will be—and very soon. This business is built on firm foundations. Let Joe Tempest tell the world about it. Make a note of that new slogan, Miss Worth."

A door slams. Penny is on her way out.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

MASTERS OF LIFE

WHEN Life lays a compelling hand on us, as it inevitably does from time to time, our first instinct is to look at the looming frustrations and anxieties with resentful bitterness.

We wonder what we have done to be singled out for such treatment. We envy those who are—apparently—sailing a clear course.

That, of course, is the first mistake we make: for we don't really know they are doing anything of the sort. We're only guessing, and in nine out of ten cases we are wrong in assuming that the other fellow is spared his quota of troubles. For there are very few people indeed who can escape for long the discipline of compulsion. Life deals it out to most of us in one form or another. We should not resent compulsion: we should use it, learn from it and profit by it. "And so I live, you see," cried the poet Browning, "go through the world, try, prove, reject: prefer, still struggling, to effect my warfare: happy that I can be crossed and thwarted like a man, not left in God's contempt apart, with ghastly, smooth life, dead at heart."

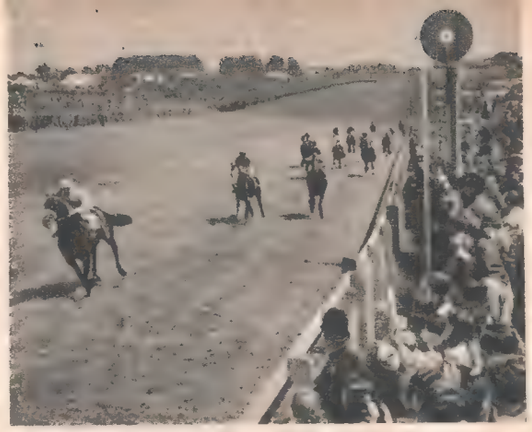
Inspiring words. Let us make sure in any case before we grow bitter that it is not just failure in getting our own way that is making us resentful.

Let us be certain that our irritation is not merely because our indolence is disturbed.

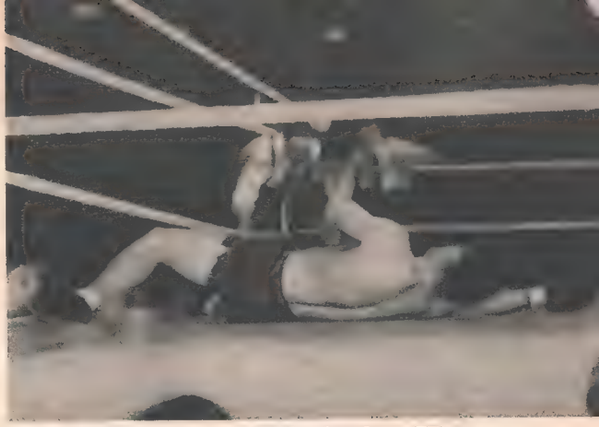
Come what may, let us at least acquit ourselves like men.

"... so I tells the Labour Exchange, nobody's going to direct ME what to do, see!"

"Babe" Zaharias didn't come for a club-house gossip. She came to win—and did



We even blamed Pearl Diver's Derby win for France on our present corn ration!



Baksi-eye view of Woodcock. What our boxers need is tough early training

STOP BLEATING ABOUT DEFEAT

by PAUL IRWIN

Foreign athletes beat ours because they are better—not just better fed, says Irwin. We must stop making excuses, try harder and take beatings with a grin

SIX YEARS OF WAR did something more than upset the general standard of sports performance in Britain. They had a bad effect on the temper of the customer—the man who pays at the box office to keep boxing, football, racing and the rest going.

There has been an epidemic of booing—and some free fights—at boxing shows. Football crowds seem as ready to jeer as they are to cheer. The disgruntled punter, bellowing his protests, is dog racing's biggest headache. The quiet calm of cricket has been broken by the voice of the barracker.

"Sport," a good, solid English word with no equivalent in foreign dictionaries, is beginning to lose its meaning. Part of the trouble is the strain of modern living on nerves and temper—but not all of it. There is another reason: too many people today are viewing sport through their pockets. They shout for the man, horse, dog or football team that carries their bets.

And that's only the half of it. British crowds, ranked for years as the fairest minded in the world, are beginning to bleat over defeats in international competition as never before. Excuses are ready every time one of our representatives is beaten.

Lack of food is the hoary excuse for most of our setbacks. A picture is given the world of half-starved British athletes striving to compete on level terms with well-fed foreigners. Even the Derby victory of Pearl Diver, bred and trained in France, is set down to the fact that English thoroughbred stock cannot hope to do much good on the present corn ration. So it goes. Our only interest in the Wimbledon singles championships is provided by the ball boys and the umpires. Let's blame the food!

Really, the thing is pathetic. The national larder was not always so lean, yet the records show Fred Perry as the only Englishman to win the men's title in the last thirty-eight years. And Dorothy Round's success stands out in splendid isolation against the long winning run of the American women.

The chief trouble is this. Unlike the rest of the world, notably the United States, we do not work at our games. Perhaps we have the right approach. After all, knocking a ball about or throwing a fist better than the other fellow doesn't mean much in the sum total of human endeavour. Yet if such is the idea underlying our sport—as it very often is—then I say the sooner we clear out of international competition the better it will be.

Henry Cotton was golf's leading exponent in the years directly before the war for the very good reason that he slaved to make himself the perfect stroke-player. Hour after hour he would be out on the course slamming the ball down the fairway—or sharpening up his putting until his back must have felt near to breaking. A golfer is just as good as his legs, so there was Cotton booting about a football to strengthen his underpinnings.

He Licked the Americans

Patience and perseverance reaped a rich dividend. Henry Cotton broke the American monopoly on the British Open Championship and went on to become one of the most sought after professionals in the game—a man able to name his own price for lessons.

"Babe" Zaharias took the British women's golf championship to the States for the first time ever—and up at Gullane, where she staggered the opposition by clouting drives of 280 yards, she scorned the social side of the tournament. She hadn't come all the way from America for a clubhouse gossip. She was there to win. Every night at 6.30 she was off to bed. Her dinner was sent up to her room. After twelve hours' solid sleep, she was up for a training run around the hotel grounds and a course of setting-up exercises.

Perhaps you think the "Babe" has a pretty drab idea of the way to get fun. I don't. She knows the zest there is in standing out above the ruck. Sport here would be in a lot finer shape if our performers—and coaches—had similar ideas.

Lawn tennis must wake up to the realization that the home players cannot hope to get anywhere near American standards until there is a complete change of methods. A national scheme to find future world-beaters must be started. They are to be found in the place where Fred Perry himself came from—the public parks. You know what happened to him. Failing to measure up to the absurd standards of the snobs who infest lawn tennis, he was badly pushed around. A very cold shoulder was thrust in his perky, impudent face. Perry grinned and went on to win the Wimbledon title. His heart was tough; it had to be, else we should still be waiting for our first champion since 1909.

But a promising young player lucky enough to be born in California can be sure his claims to recognition—and proper coaching—are not overlooked, no matter which side of the social fence he comes from. They card index the names and records of every junior, which explains why Don Budge, Ellsworth Vines, Bobby Riggs, the two Helens—Moody and Jacobs—Pauline Betz and Jack Kramer all won at Wimbledon.

Can't we ever learn our lesson? There must be a lot more Perrys in the public parks.

Advice from Wrong People

In our athletics only the "mad keen" runner or jumper can get near the top flight—with luck. Right from the start, he is faced with difficulties unless he lives within range of one of the crack athletic clubs. He finds a famine in expert coaches; his bad habits are not ironed out in the formative years. The average small town can show dozens of "pubs," but no gymnasium.

Alan Paterson, nineteen-year-old Scottish holder of the British high jump record, would be studying medicine today were he an American citizen. Instead, he is in the Army. Now that doesn't mean Paterson wants to escape Army service, but he would have preferred to do it as a doctor.

I know Paterson would sooner get a chance to take a medical degree than break the world's record for the high jump. Had he been born in the States, he would probably have fulfilled both ambitions. His ability to soar higher through the air than any boy his age would guarantee his admission to an American medical school.

I don't say the practice is healthy. I only state a case. But should you disagree with the method, one savouring quite obviously of semi-professionalism, please don't moan when the Union Jack fails to make many appearances at the masthead to signify a victory in next year's Olympic Games.

For boxing—our real problem child—the remedy, as I have said before, is to take the sport to pieces and build again from the beginning—in the schools and junior clubs. As likely looking fighters appear, they should be packed off to the States to learn their trade in the world's toughest pugilistic school.

Whatever happens, and this goes for all our sports, we must stick out our chins and take what's coming to us in silence.

The need is for action—action, and the will to see that every boy or girl with ability is given the services of coaches who know their business. Lack of foresight, rather than lack of food, is the root of all the trouble.

Let's stop bleating and get down to business before the world takes away the last title we hold. What's that? The all-time championship for good sportsmanship—and good manners.

He jackbooted his way over a continent. Now, a prisoner, he is finding new inspiration in the way of life he did his utmost to destroy

Some NAZIS change their spots

Perhaps we're not as sound as The fact remains that some of t beliefs. And control officers in G

ONE EVENING THIS SUMMER I was walking in a Chiltern valley with a friend when we encountered a German prisoner of war. He asked for a light for his pipe; we talked. He mentioned that he had come out to listen for the song of the nightingale.

He said he had been captured in Normandy, in the fighting south of Caen, and that he had served in the 12th S.S. Panzer Division.

"Ah, then you were a real Nazi," I commented.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"Are you still a Nazi?"

He gave me an odd smile, as if wondering if I were joking. "Of course not!" he said. "I have been in England three years! Soon, we hear, we are to have civilian status. In all the camps in England you would find few Nazis now."

Could this be true? My mind went back to the war, to the fierce, roaring days on the road from Caen to Falaise. I had seen many men like this coming hot-eyed and sullen into a prisoners' cage, with a British or Canadian soldier striding along behind with his finger on a trigger. "Nazis!" we would say—and it would be agreed that the young Nazis were mad dogs, beyond the pale, unredeemable.

But now . . . the young Nazis were strolling down English lanes with English girls, having tea in English homes, singing in the choir in English churches—and some at least would be incredulous at the suggestion that they might still be Nazis.

Has there really been a change in the mentality of these Germans in the two years since the war? After a fairly thorough investigation I am convinced that the British authorities really have transformed the outlook of thousands of young Nazis.

Many will read that statement with the deepest scepticism, and I cannot blame them. I was just as sceptical when I started asking questions at Bush House, the headquarters of that section of the Foreign Office responsible for prisoners' re-education.

"What makes you think," I asked, "that any of these Nazis have been more than superficially re-educated?"

"The proof is," they replied, "that our Military Government authorities in Germany welcome the repatriation of prisoners from England. They say that many of the returning men are a leaven of sanity in the mental madhouse of Germany."

It looked as if something remarkable really was happening.

There have been as many as 400,000 German prisoners in Great Britain. They are being repatriated at the rate of 15,000 a month, and there are some 260,000 still here. They were graded from the beginning into four categories: The A's or Whites; the B's or Greys; the C's or Blacks; and the C-plus or hopeless class.

The Whites are those who plainly and for obvious reasons were always anti-Nazi—men who were beaten up in prison camps for expressing anti-Nazi views, men who were Whites when it took courage to be anything but fanatically Black. The Greys are the ordinary herd Germans who were for or against the Nazis depending on whether the regime was winning or losing; men who joined the party merely to keep their jobs; non-politicals or political illiterates. The Black are the ardent Nazis.

Super-Nazis in a Dream World

The C-plus type are the ultra-Nazis, the completely hopeless.

There are about 1,300 of these in Britain, all segregated in one camp at Wick, in the north of Scotland. They are quite weird. They say Germany has not lost the war. The war is still going on. Hitler is still alive, directing the underground battle from Berchtesgaden—or Brazil; preparing death rays and atomic dust; getting ready to take over after Russia and America have fought themselves to a standstill. And so on. They are pathological cases.

The re-education programme, begun towards the end of the war, has progressed so well that today there are only a few thousand prisoners still graded as Black. This hard core of tough guys, mostly

German civilians conduct a Brains Trust at a camp for "Black Nazis"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

we could be on the re-education of prisoners. he most fanatical Nazis are being shaken in their ermany say "Thank God for the returned p.o.w.s"

by MATTHEW HALTON

young men between eighteen and twenty-eight, is being given a special re-education course at a camp near Saffron Walden, Essex. The course lasts fourteen weeks, and is given to about 1,000 men at a time. I spent a fascinating weekend there studying the process.

No Guard for Prisoners

I was received by Major F. J. Woodnott, the camp commandant, and Captain Philip MacDonald, the training adviser. MacDonald is a quiet Scot who seems to have a great influence with men. I met Nazis there who *had* changed their spots.

The camp is surrounded by three strands of barbed wire. "Pretty useless, isn't it?" I asked Major Woodnott. "You must need a lot of guards."

"We have no guards," he replied. "The wire is just to mark the limits of the camp."

"And the prisoners always stay in?"

"They don't have to stay in. They're allowed to go anywhere they like within five miles of the camp. They have to be in at dark, that's all.

The prisoners can have English friends and visit English homes. Following the latest decree, they are no longer banned from shops and cinemas, and they can spend part—4s. 6d.—of their wages. They will soon be allowed to marry English girls. I was surprised to see Germans—Class C Nazis at that—strolling through Essex villages and down Essex lanes with English girls on their arms, but to the residents these things are now commonplace, and are actually resented by very few.

The educational course is very simple. It consists of only one day of compulsory study a week, for fourteen weeks. The teachers are Whites or Greys. The course includes German history, civics, economic geography, and vocational training in agriculture, market gardening, carpentry, electrics, bricklaying, bookbinding and English.

More important, however, are the voluntary tutorial and discussion groups.

The voluntary principle is the first step in the re-education of a Nazi. The young Black's first reaction when he is invited to attend a lecture or discussion is often hostile and cynical. "Old stuff!" he says. "Democratic propaganda. I'll have no part in this scheme." But about thirty per cent of them do attend the discussion groups from the beginning, and soon the interest grows.

The Nazis are taken to meetings of local councils, to trades union meetings, to factories where they hear discussions between management and workers—anywhere, in fact, where they can see democracy in action.

"Usually it works quite suddenly," said Captain MacDonald. "It is often one incident or experience that abruptly cracks the hard shell of a Nazi's moral and mental resistance; and progress after that, as a rule, is rapid. One lad changed his whole attitude after seeing British factory workers talking back to the boss.

"Have Courage," Germans Told

Over the blackboard in the camp reading-room there is a large sign, in German, with this astonishing motto: "Every man must have the courage of his own convictions." Those words strike the young Nazi with wonder. He has been indoctrinated with the infallibility of his leaders, taught that blind obedience is the cardinal virtue—and now, a prisoner of war in an enemy country, he is exhorted to think for himself and form his own opinions.

"That sign is genius," I remarked.

"Well," said MacDonald, "it is effective. If we can persuade or lead these men to think for themselves, and to respect other men's opinions, we have gone a long way.

"The problem of the Nazi is a problem of simple human values. He really believes that might is right. He argues like this: 'There was no morality in your cause. You won the war because your side was the stronger. The weaker goes to the wall, that's all.' It takes week and weeks to break that feeling down.

"Another problem, of course, is the German character itself, especially that self-pitying tendency which is the obverse of their arrogance. In discussions we find that many of them understand very well what was wrong in Germany—but do they accept any individual responsibility? Oh, no! Germany, they agree, was deceived and betrayed by the industrialists—or the intellectuals, or the soldiers, or the landowners. The people themselves were never to blame. They seek a scapegoat for everything. Before the war it was the Jews; now it's the occupying Powers.

"But the big problem is the first—somehow to inculcate, not teach, the virtue of tolerance for the other man's right to his own opinion."

A burly young German told me he was impressed by the British ability to understand and tolerate another man's point of view. "This country strikes me as inefficient and irrational," he added, "but I begin to see why it always wins its wars. It is because of a sturdy, original character which we Germans haven't got. Because of that character you can afford democracy. But I would still say that dictatorship is the best thing for Germany."

One boy I spoke to was sullen. "How can you talk about democracy," he sneered, "when you are treating us like slaves? For me life is hell because I have been six years away from home, and now have no hope for the future."

Those words underline one of the most difficult problems in re-education: the apathy and hopelessness which sometimes leads a man who is no longer a Nazi to a nihilistic attitude. But that is not nearly as common as I had expected. One chief impression of that camp is of young men full of health and vigour, and even of the enjoyment of life.

They Write from Home

About fifteen per cent of the repatriated men write back to their camp in England. Some of these letters are deeply interesting, both as proof of the writers' own conversion and as a revelation of the rot in Germany.

Many of them say they no longer understand or are at home in their own country. "There is a mental blackout in Germany," writes one. "This is a different and narrower world than England," says another.

A former Nazi writes back to a camp interpreter: "All people talk about here is how to get out of Germany in case of war, how to scrounge potatoes, and how to make money. I hear nothing about building up a new and better Germany. . . . I am thankful for my two years in England. In Germany they would have been wasted years."

And another: "Over here the dragon seed of hatred is on the increase. . . . People say the British won't be content until twenty million Germans starve. . . . When you speak of good will, democracy and freedom they say those are just empty words."

"What impresses me most since my return," writes another ex-Nazi, "is not the material distress so much as the moral decline noticeable among all classes, even in little country villages. . . . I can find no real human beings who will work body and soul to create something. . . . Everybody is complaining and full of self-pity. In this atmosphere I cannot swear to remain true to the principles you taught me. But I shall try hard."

Those letters show, I think, that something remarkable has been happening in the lonely prisoner-of-war camps that dot the British countryside in their hundreds. I would not exaggerate it. The effect, even on the genuinely democratized Nazis, may not last. On the other hand, it may just possibly turn out to be the germ from which a more hopeful Germany will grow.

In any event, tribute would be due to the British authorities and teachers if they had influenced only one Nazi to say, from his heart: "I have realized that nothing works without tolerance," or "I feel that my mind is clean."

Private View of The Lord Chancellor

HEAD MAN OF THE LAW

NO LONGER A COMFORTABLY upholstered retiring room where noble peers may enjoy a drowsy siesta after a satisfying lunch, the House of Lords these days generates almost as much heat as the Commons.

Presiding over it, representing a small Socialist element in an overwhelmingly Tory stronghold, is William Allen, first Viscount Jowitt of Stevenage in the County of Hertfordshire, Lord High Chancellor, head of the Supreme Court of Judicature, Second Peer in the Kingdom and head of the legal profession. The job is full-time and tricky. The salary is £10,000 a year.

For two years he has been presenting a stream of Bills passed by an enthusiastic Government majority in the Commons to a disapproving Opposition majority in the Lords: as ungrateful a job as trying to sell bottles of Scotch at a temperance meeting. That he has not only got most of the Bills smoothly on their way but has also enhanced his own reputation, is a tribute to the same characteristics that have brought him from the very bottom of the legal ladder to the top —hard sense and fair-mindedness.

About his frankness and willingness to see the other man's point of view not even his political opponents will argue. More than once in recent stormy sessions he has surprised both sides of the House by his outspokenness when he could well have kept his opinions to himself. "I do not pretend that I like it," he announced when he sponsored the Supplies and Services Bill. "But I must not say too much about that. I got rebuked for that before." And of the Exchange Control Bill he remarked: "I do not like this Bill. I hate it." But he saw it through just the same.

Looking more like a priest or poet than a man who has spent most of his life amid the dust and disillusion of the law, Lord Jowitt still has the deep-set eyes, the finely chiselled features, the air of romantic asceticism which prompted Ambrose McEvoy to ask him to sit for him in 1913 (the resulting "Portrait of a Young Man" hangs in the Tate Gallery today).

BUT his success is built on something much deeper than good looks. Like his predecessor, Lord Simon, Jowitt went to Oxford as the son of an obscure clergyman with no private income. He was called to the Bar at twenty-four and became a K.C. thirteen years later, in 1922. That same year he was returned to Parliament as Liberal M.P. for the Hartlepools. Said Lloyd George: "Jowitt is of the good, sound timber from which Cabinets are made."

Perhaps Lloyd George revised his opinion seven years later, for then Jowitt hit the headlines in a big way. Elected to Parliament as Liberal M.P. for Preston on Thursday, May 30, 1929, he joined the Labour Party on June 6, and was appointed Attorney-General, with a knighthood, on Thursday, June 7—just one week after his election.

The fuss was considerable. Jowitt asked for a new election and, at the end of July, was returned as Labour member for the same division. When the MacDonald supporters joined the National Government, Jowitt went too, retaining his office. But at the election in 1931 he was defeated.

He spent seven years in the wilderness, supporting the Socialist cause, but denied re-admission to the party until 1936 and failing to win a seat in Parliament until October, 1939. From then on, he quickly recovered the lost ground. In 1940 he became Solicitor-General, in 1942 Paymaster-General and later Minister without Portfolio—all the time concerned with planning postwar reconstruction. In November, 1944, he became the first Minister of National Insurance. With the return of the Socialist Government in 1945, he was appointed Lord High Chancellor.

At the Bar he built his reputation on a flair for marshalling and delivering arguments with quiet forcefulness. To the rich eloquence and passionate theatricals of his adversaries, Jowitt would reply with cool, calm logic. In one case he talked for eighteen days, delivering half a million words without ever being at a loss for a phrase or dropping a single thread of the complicated argument.

Precise and even aloof on occasions in the courts of law and the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor has plenty of humanity to spare for his off-duty moments. "The happiest day for me," he says, "is a bright day by the seaside, helping small children to build sand castles." And the happiest evening, perhaps, is one spent at a public dinner, delivering a speech concocted of the typical Jowitt blend of dignity and near-impudence.

Perhaps because of the early McEvoy portrait, art has become one of his dominating interests. In the flat which he and Lady Jowitt occupy on the second floor over the House of Lords you will find some superb Matisses and works of other moderns. He is a Trustee of both the National and the Tate Galleries. Lady Jowitt, too, has been immortalized by a modern artist. You can walk on her in the British Museum. She was the model for one of the modern figures in Boris Anrep's mosaics there.

Through the mullioned window of his flat he enjoys a fine view over the Thames to recompense him for the loss of the charming Tudor house in Kent which he sold some months ago. But at sixty-two he cannot nip about the ping-pong table as spryly as he used and, though there are flowers in plenty in the flat, there are no opportunities to exercise his favourite hobby of gardening, still less his other interests in wild-fowling and angling.

Since being received back into the Socialist fold he has served his party diligently and well. He has avoided an open conflict between the Lords and the Commons that might well have meant the death of the Lords.

When he was appointed Lord High Chancellor and raised to the peerage, he sought his title in his father's old parish. "When I took a title to my name," he said later, "I adopted that of Stevenage —and Stevenage has been in trouble ever since."

STANLEY JACKSON

Talking Points About HYPNOTISM

HYPNOTISM (from the Greek word *hypnos*, meaning sleep) is unexplained, though the art was known in Ancient Egypt, and is practised today not only by West End doctors but also by savage tribes.

* * *

No one can be hypnotized unawares—willing surrender to the hypnotist is normally a necessity. Nor can hypnotism force anyone to do anything contrary to his character, for example theft or murder.

* * *

Hypnotists are popular music hall turns. Spectators can be made to bark like a dog, jump like a frog, and so on. But there are dangers. Janos Fakalet, Hungarian hypnotist, put a man into a trance in a glass coffin and forgot to wake him. Twenty-four hours later, the man was discovered nearly suffocated. The hypnotist was jailed.

* * *

Forgotten memories can be revived by hypnotism. An explorer hypnotised a savage dancer, who related, in a trance, the whole story behind the tribe's dance rituals, which the savages no longer knew. Ferenc Valguesi, Hungarian hypnotist, could send into a trance many of the animals in the Budapest Zoo.

* * *

R. D. Gillespie, psychologist of Guy's Hospital, who died recently, aged forty-eight, used hypnotism to cure bomber pilots suffering from breakdown. In a trance they would tell usually of some childhood terror, suddenly refocused by war strain. When they were told what they really feared the cure was begun.

* * *

A Balkan named Stavrakis was alleged to have visited a bank with a forged cheque for £2,555, and to have hypnotized manager, clerk and cashier in turn, to cash it. An Indian on the Riviera got £600 under similar circumstances from the cashier of a travel bureau.

* * *

Gustav Holst, the British composer who died in 1934, four times feared he had lost the power to create. Each time a psychologist restored his confidence by hypnosis.

* * *

Investigating a series of crashes in the Mersey Tunnel, the police considered it possible that the long line of lights had an hypnotic effect on the drivers, sending them to sleep.

* * *

Peter Casson, Bridlington radio expert, was refused permission to televise hypnosis for fear of effects on viewers. During a closed-circuit demonstration, he hypnotized four out of six B.B.C. volunteers, two of his victims sleeping until wakened by shaking.

* * *

Dr. Griffith Williams, an American hypnotist, hypnotized the whole cast in a New Jersey theatre after the first act, to see if they acted better when they really believed they were the characters in the play. Some critics said they noticed a marked deepening of the acting in the second act.

* * *

Hypnotism still eludes explanation. Why is it that even so drastic a purge as calomel does not operate on a man hypnotized against it? Why is there no bleeding when teeth are extracted under hypnosis? Why does an overworked man feel better when told under hypnotism that he has spent a week by the sea? Science does not know.

FREE SPEECH

On Britain's Spirit

DURING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN I thrilled to hear of the defence of London, and made up my mind there and then to see England for myself as soon as I could after the war.

It was not until this year that I was able to come, and I regret to say that the experience has been most disillusioning. I can understand the difficulties of Britain, but that does not excuse workmen who won't work, and people who criticize America one moment, and are only too pleased to accept loans and food parcels the next.

I loved the dignity of London, but it remains typical of the present cavilling outlook of the nation that it is the only major capital of the world without an all-night subway service—and your bus conductors are the most ill-mannered persons I have ever encountered.

Above all I am appalled at the apathetic, spineless way so many people bow to their troubles and submit to the queue complex. There is no fight, no enthusiasm, too much class and political hatred.

There is still much to admire in England but it seems to this American at least, who came to Britain with high hopes and warm feelings, that the spirit of England is dead.—(MRS.) AGNES WRIGHT, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

"Submission to the queue complex", says a critical American reader, is symptomatic of a postwar Britain that lacks gumption

On the Colour Bar

Mrs. V. Riches ("I married a negro and had a son") condemns self-pity. "For people of intelligence the colour bar doesn't exist"

Colour Doesn't Matter

As one with considerable experience of the colour bar I would like to point out that a victimized person's attitude of mind is half the cause of any bitterness.

Recent controversies have been started on the subject by Indians. They are lucky—they might have been negroes.

My husband was a negro and although we received all the usual rudery, I have never met a truly intelligent (whether educated or not) or truly kind person with an active colour prejudice.

My seven-year-old son, coming from a happy race and having no inhibitions or complexes about his appearance, sometimes refers to himself as a "nigger"—with much laughter. After all, practically every red-haired person goes through life being called "Ginger!"

Although I hate generalizing I must remark that the greatest prejudice shown against us has come from high-caste Indians and the least, believe it or not, from the Jews. So Indians should stop being so sorry for themselves and they will find millions of English friends who will like them simply for being themselves and not as a member of the Indian, African, European or any other race.—MRS. V. RICHES, 15 Newburgh Street, Soho, London, W.1.

Best Years of His Life

SINCE THE SCHOOL AGE has gone up all you can hear is grumbling by children because they have to stay at school until they are fifteen years old.

I am now fifteen and a half years of age and I have been going to work for a living for one and a half years now. But many are the days when I wish I was back at school instead of going to work.—OWEN FINNIGAN, 58 Fenton Drive, Bulwell Hill Estate, Bulwell, Nottingham.

Three Years to Divorce

I HAVE UNHAPPILY come to know the unfairness of the law regarding divorce on the grounds of desertion. As the law stands, a person has to endure at least three years of horrible and lonely existence before proceedings can be taken to free a couple from a dislocated marriage bond.

My wife left me a month after I returned home from three and a half years' service in the Far East theatre of war. (Credit is due to her for staying until my return.)

For thirteen months I have lived on my own except for three months when I had a married couple staying with me. There are many in similar circumstances to myself, and it must sorely test their moral standards.

Why continue to penalize innocent people? I hate having to get a divorce, but single life to me is hardly worth living.—W. J. J., Oswestry, Shropshire. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Irish Protector, 1947

ON THE COVER of your August 30 issue you announced an article on page five dealing with abortion. But in my copy there was no page five. I presume it was removed by well-meaning censors for my moral protection. Permit me to address a word to those people.

For a long time I have been a typical Irish Catholic reader of JOHN BULL, and never yet has that paper succeeded in demoralizing me. I have often read articles with which I vehemently disagreed—but they were invariably frank and authoritative and, instead of driving me to sin and heresy, usually encouraged me to expound my own viewpoint.

This, I assure you, is a much more effective way of upholding our Catholic code than tearing out pages and leaving us to imagine the worst.

JOHN BULL'S Irish readers are not just a lot of unstable adolescents. In fact, the general run of its literary content demands the sort of mind which would benefit from the exposition of controversial views. If page five had been left alone this letter would probably be a condemnation of abortion. As it is, it's merely a condemnation of the censors.—J. N. MCCONNELL, Kilsaran, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland.

Renegades of Medicine

MRS. JENKINS'S PLEA for an easier means of procuring abortion makes no appeal to the medical profession. All abortionists are regarded as renegades in our profession. No reputable doctor will procure abortion unless the mother's life or reason is at stake, and then only after consultation with a gynaecologist or psychiatrist.

In discussing the question you cannot disregard the ethics of our profession. Mrs. Jenkins makes a false analogy between an operation for appendicitis and an abortion as though the two were in any way comparable. In the one case a diseased organ is removed and in the other there is deliberate destruction of a normal growth, to say nothing of a human life.

The question of wealth or poverty is irrelevant. Even were the law altered the ethics of the medical profession would not allow doctors to terminate pregnancy except for the reasons I have given.

Experiments in Russia have proved the unwisdom of indiscriminate abortions and the penalties which were previously removed have now become even more strictly reinforced. The ultimate object in Nature of sexual attraction is reproduction, however romantic a glamour may be woven around it, and those who indulge must be prepared to foot the bill.

Nature has ensured that any interference is quite likely to be fatal. The time to think about procuring abortion and all that it means is when a woman first lowers her defences. — DR. A. E. MOORE, Lavernock, Histon, Cambridge.

Murder by Another Name

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL" is the precept of God and the law of nature. The destruction of an unborn infant in the womb is murder whether performed in a dirty bedchamber with the aid of "drugs, quack medicines, violence and doubtful instruments" or performed in the shining, spotlessly hygienic ward of a modern hospital.

To suggest, as Alice Jenkins does, that the former is an "abominable malpractice" while the latter is permissible, is as fantastic as condoning—because he had sterilized his axe—the crime of a man who murders his grandmother.—G. BARTLEY, 29 Wesley Terrace, Amfield Plain, Co. Durham.

Atom Age Juveniles

FOR THE FIRST TIME in many years I visited a dance hall. Take the clothes off these so-called future "Atom Age" juveniles and you will have a complete picture of native African war-dancing.

If this is a true picture of our future generation, may the Lord help Britain, for then indeed we are heading for national degradation.—N. MCPHERSON, The Gasworks Cottage, Bordon, Hants.

Germans: by a German

I AM A GERMAN, at present a p.o.w. in this country. Would you please publish this as an answer to the letter from Mr. W. J. C. O'Neill (JOHN BULL, September 6). Don't publish my name, please, as we are not yet allowed to write to newspapers.

First of all I want to tell Mr. O'Neill that we don't feel as "Herrenvolk" and that the German people never did.

How could we give English p.o.w.s in Germany easier conditions *during the war* as we have only just got easier conditions in England *two years after* the war?

Further I think your food conditions are much better than ours as we are chiefly living on bread, potatoes and porridge.

It was a good joke, Mr. O'Neill, to say that we get plenty of money. We get three halfpence an hour and three shillings bonus a week for good work. I don't know how we could manage to buy more cigarettes than you. And how can we feel as "conquerors" when we have to do forced labour two years after the war is over?—"GERMAN P.O.W." (Full name and camp address enclosed.)

Germans: by a French Boy

LIKE MANY OTHERS in Britain just now I am entertaining a French boy in my home. Didier Arbanere is his name and since he crossed the Channel his

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN a little girl starts learning to knit, "purl and plain" becomes a formula more magical than anything the nursery can devise—and even her pet cat is forgotten. The intense looking young lady on this week's "John Bull" cover is the daughter of the artist, Leslie Otway. He has a penchant for studies of children who offer amusingly unconscious poses during their work or play. In the case of his daughter, Margaret, he was particularly struck by the contrast between the small girl and the big chair and forthwith set to work committing the contrast to paper.

with my feet up

by Ian Fox

Tank Talk

"BY GAD, OLD BOY, fancy running into you! Haven't seen you for weeks. What luck I got stuck in this traffic jam—let me give you a lift somewhere."

"Thanks, but. . . ."

"A pleasure, old boy. Jump in."

"But I'm going the other way."

"Other way, nonsense! Jump in quick—traffic's moving. . . ."

"But. . . ."

"Come on. You can always take a bus back. . . . I don't suppose we shall get these traffic jams much longer. Everybody laying their cars up or trying to sell them."

"But. . . ."

"I suppose this old bus will have to go. Can't run a thirty-horse car when the old country's in a bad way."

"But. . . ."

"However, I needn't part with this one for a while. I've managed to buy some extra September coupons so I'm all right for October."

"But. . . ."

"Naturally, I'm applying for Emergency Coupons. I got them during the war, but the Government then considered I was essential. Not so sure about this Government."

"But. . . ."

"Now this is where I think you can help me, old boy. I'm looking for one or two fellows like you who live in the country to become directors of my firm. Then I can put down visits to them as essential mileage for business purposes—export, of course."

"But. . . ."

"Of course I shan't *really* visit you, old boy. You won't have to put up with that, ha-ha-ha!"

"But. . . ."

"It's just in case any of these so-and-so's get snooping around. All you need do is to *say* that I visited you."

"But. . . ."

"After all, you can say you can't come to see me because of your lame leg. And, incidentally, old boy, I don't suppose they'll grant you Emergency Coupons on account of that leg. Bad luck, but there you are."

"But. . . ."

"So I'll have your name put on the firm's notepaper. Cheerio, old boy. Awfully glad I ran into you. You can catch a bus on this corner."

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

knowledge of English has improved. One day, however, Didier stumped me completely. He had that afternoon visited the beach and when he sat down at the tea table he seemed rather displeased.

When I asked him what was worrying him he replied, "Why do you allow the German p.o.w.s to frequent your pleasure beaches as they wish? It made me boil to see the Boche swaggering about your beach this afternoon. Why are you British so soft-hearted? Maybe it is because you were never under German rule. I do not understand."

And I could not make Didier understand. Fortunately the conversation changed to another subject.—PETER S. BROWN, 135 King's Gate, Aberdeen.

Love Story

I AM A WIDOW and an old age pensioner seventy-five years old. I live alone and recently I went to a local cemetery to put some flowers on a loved one's last resting-place. While buying the flowers I noticed another customer in the shop, a small, sandy-haired girl about nine years old, scribbling some words on a small card. When she went out I noticed she was clutching a bunch of lovely red roses to which she had attached the card.

The same afternoon when leaving the cemetery my eyes caught sight of several red roses stuck in a pint glass of water and placed on a grave a few feet away.

Curiosity prompted me to venture closer. Underneath, clinging to the roses was a small card written in a child's handwriting:

"Happy birthday, Mother."

Ever since that incident I keep one thought in my mind, especially when feeling rather lonely:

Nothing is really dead unless it is forgotten.—(MRS.) A. P. H., Blackburn. (Full name and address enclosed).

Flirting in Public

THE BUSINESS OF flirting in public, so detestable to your prim little reader (JOHN BULL, September 6) cannot possible be called deceitful or ugly because (a) it *is* public, and (b) it is completely light-hearted and meaningless.

As regards real love being pure and good, this has no bearing on the subject since flirting cannot and does not pretend to be in the same class as real love. It is simply a spot of harmless diversifying which only becomes ugly in ugly and degraded minds.

Again, that "hideous whistle," which, incidentally, is euphemistically called the "wolfing call," it is not in any way meant to be unpleasant. On the contrary it is rather a compliment.

However, I do agree that this American import should be used sparingly.

I may add that I am seventeen years old and have only just left school. My advice to this twentieth-century Victorian is to try and be a little more popular and make herself more agreeable to her girl and boy friends—if she has any. Not that it matters—she has plenty of time to grow up.—JOHN C. BUCHANAN, 66 St. George's Place, Cheltenham, Glos.

Farewell Kiss

WITH REFERENCE TO YOUNG Miss Pearcey's condemnation of flirting in public places I would say that maybe her idealistic outlook will change in a few years' time as my own has.

I am a twenty-year-old sailor and was recently in Northern Ireland. I had to leave my girl early on my last evening. It was broad daylight. If I hadn't kissed her goodbye in the public bus station I'd have had to wait almost six months for another chance to do so.

I uphold wholeheartedly the flirting that goes on in public in these days of housing shortage, when good old ma's parlour is occupied by the married sister and family or the lodger!—"A NOT-SO-ANCIENT MARINER," c/o G.P.O., London. (Full name and address and station enclosed.)

Lucky Faint

AS I WALKED ROUND a store one hot day, I saw a long queue and wondered idly what they were waiting for. When I was nearly level with the top of the queue I suddenly felt dizzy and fainted.

When I came to I was sitting on a chair and the long queue had disappeared.

One of the assistants came forward and asked solicitously, "Are you feeling better, madam? I was so sorry to know you had fainted after being so near to being served that I saved you two pairs of nylons." Did I have those nylons? Well, you guess.—(MRS.) F. ASTON, 36 Blakeland Street, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, 9.

Raw Deal for Raw Boxers

PAUL IRWIN, whom thousands of us will affectionately remember for his candid sporting commentaries in the *Egyptian Gazette* during the war, has put his finger on the real reason why British boxing is grovelling on the mat (JOHN BULL, September 6).

Our boxers are not suffering from malnutrition, and it is nonsense to assume that a nation that produced Jimmy Wilde, Jimmy Driscoll, Ted "Kid" Lewis and others has not got similar talent now. The raw material is here, but our methods of rubbing the rawness away haven't kept pace with America's business-like and scientific approach to the same question.

I once trained in a boxing "school" that produced near-champions. It was situated in a broken-down, draughty shed in the backyard of a public house, without even facilities for a wash after a hard work-out.—DOUGLAS T. STONE, 26 Woodland Avenue, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Bristol.

Smokers in the Dark

IT WOULD BE A great advantage to patrons if cinema proprietors had the rims of their ashtrays painted with some kind of luminous paint. Time and again I have seen clothing damaged by careless smokers.—GEORGE TOPPING, 23 Glen Road, Shotts, Lanarkshire.

Rouble Trouble

IN JOSEPH MACLEOD'S first article on Russia ("Ivan Knows Where He's Going," JOHN BULL, September 6) the figures of earnings and prices of goods are given in pounds sterling "allowing twenty-one roubles to the pound as it stands at present."

May I point out that this exchange rate is not a satisfactory basis of comparison? In fact, it makes nonsense of the figures, as Mr. Macleod should know.—K. T., London, W.1. (Full name and address enclosed.)

∴ Joseph Macleod not guilty. The figures in roubles were translated into pounds, at the existing exchange rate, by JOHN BULL's sub-editors.. It is true that these figures were not exact equivalents, because the rouble buys more in Russia than the shilling in Britain. But it was felt that some comparison, even if partly inaccurate, was necessary to British readers who could not be expected to appreciate the significance of figures in roubles.—EDITOR.

Scout Martyr

I AM A SCOUT and have on many occasions been annoyed and irritated by stupid jokes and abuse from youths and even adults as I passed them. The Scouting organization is made the subject of cheap jokes by stupid cynics who obviously have no idea of its uses. There must be something radically wrong with people who have nothing better to do than to sneer at Scouts.—PATROL LEADER M. A. ROBSON, 52 The Oval, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

NATIONAL DANCES

(1) From which country does the rhumba come? (2) What is the best-known Hungarian dance? (3) What is the nationality of the "Dashing White Sergeant"? (4) Who originally danced the Saraband? (5) Which dance did Handel name as being characteristic of England?

EXPLORERS

(1) How did Captain Cook become aware of the existence of the Great Barrier Reef? (2) What did Frobisher try to do by sailing west? (3) Whose ships were the first to sail round the world? (4) What was Captain Scott's great disappointment? (5) What continent is Leif Ericsson believed to have discovered?

MIX-UP

In the list below, can you identify (1) Three animals. (2) Three birds. (3) Three trees. (4) Three insects. (5) Three fish? Manakin, tapir, brill, cicada, orange-tip, ilex, perch, mongoose, alder, snipe, tench, hornbeam, wombat, pipit, ichneumon.

RECORD-BREAKERS

(1) Professor Auguste Piccard holds one record and is now to try for another which is just the opposite. What are they? (2) Where is Coniston Water, where Sir Malcolm Campbell tries out his *Bluebird*? (3) While flying over China a round-the-world flier was confronted by St. Elmo's fire—what is it? (4) Windsor Lad, Hyperion and Mahmoud were all Derby winners who successively set up speed records for the race; can you place them in order of date? (5) Is the highest Test Match score 803, 903 or 1,003?

INDIA

(1) What name, meaning *Lion*, do all Sikhs bear in addition to personal names? (2) How long did the East India Company last? (3) Can you name the system under which many Indian women are never seen by strangers? (4) Which beautiful and famous tomb was built by a Mogul emperor for his favourite wife? (5) What is the approximate proportion of Hindus to Moslems over the whole country (including Pakistan and the Princes' States)?

(*Answers on page 22*)

A Handful of Earth

by ANTHONY RICHARDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

The Commandant was obviously mad, Leland thought. But he discovered that there was method in the madness

WHEN LELAND FIRST SAW Commandant Marillo on the landing stage he could scarcely contain his astonishment. On the voyage up from the Port of Holy Peter, with the shipload of reinforcements who were to help transfer the two thousand life-sentence prisoners from the island to the mainland, he had had no doubt as to what sort of place or what sort of commandant he would find at Sulango.

The place was all that he had expected—a volcanic waste where even the sparse palms had been withered by the salt from the sea and the sand in the air. The sky, the island and the sea might all have been moulded from fine, beaten copper. Under the blue and the grey and the dusty brown was always the dull glint of soured metal, like worn Sheffield plate with the foundation showing through.

But the commandant? The brutal penal settlement boss whom he had expected to find there—the thug backed by the courage of the knout and the confidence of the solitary confinement cell, the beast set to guard other beasts—where was he?

Leland had the bewildering sensation of looking at a familiar picture in which an incongruous central figure had been painted on to the conventional background. The same dull, coppery bloom which permeated the landscape was on the skin of Marillo's arms and face and hands, but there the resemblance ended.

His movements were delicate, his manner gentle. In a soft voice he greeted Leland with grave and reserved courtesy, stretching out a slim, almost frail hand to take the sealed envelope which Leland had brought from the authorities down the coast. Then he turned and led the way to the camp, the guard straggling after them.

Apart from the few native fishing huts on the foreshore, the camp was the only group of buildings on the island. Two hundred dilapidated huts stood within the thick apron of wire. A hundred yards beyond them was the guards' barrack block.

EVEN from the landing stage, Leland had the impression of hidden, restless movement within the wire-encircled camp on the hill—the stealthy, alert movement of lean, savage beasts within. But there was nothing to be seen as he followed the quiet, slightly built commandant up the slope—nothing to be seen, but still that first, continuing sense of being spied upon by wild, revengeful eyes.

After sundown, on the veranda of the commandant's shanty, Leland learned more of his surroundings. He asked if he would be required to accompany Marillo on an inspection of the convict quarters, and how long his visit was to last.

Marillo smiled at him gently, pinching the end of his cheroot with sensitive fingertips.

"I seldom make an inspection," he said, "within the wire. The men look after themselves. They have their own cooks; they make their own detail for routine cleaning; they take it in turns to do orderly duties. They have their own appointed representative — they even have their own hangman. It is in their own interests to look after themselves. As for the length of your visit—well, ask the weather."

"You never have trouble?" asked Leland.

"That," said Marillo, "depends on what you mean by trouble. Sickness, quarrelling, fights—death! That is the sum total."

Leland considered it an unusually heavy total, but Marillo shrugged. He didn't agree.

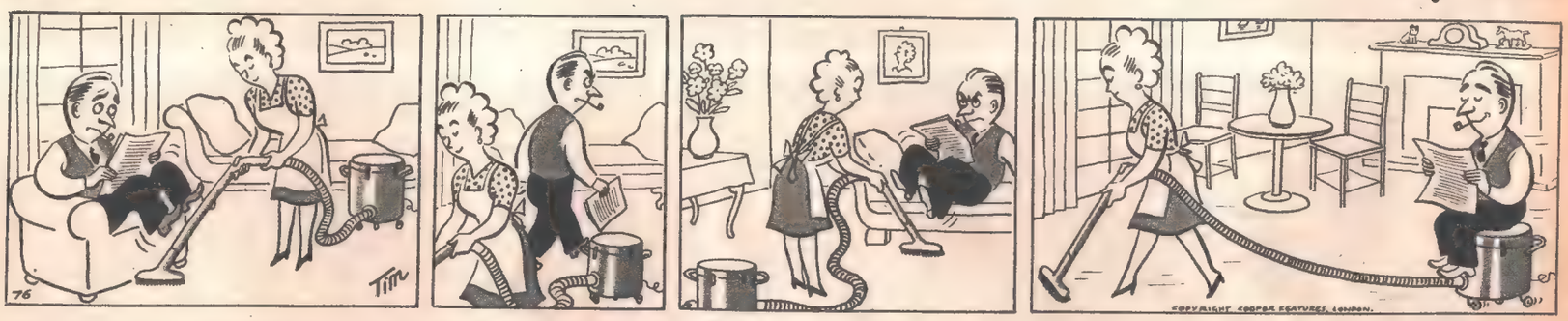
"Death! What is that? They are dead already. Here is man's inhumanity to man in the hollow of a hand. Here is a handful of earth and rock and sand and crouched on it are two thousand creatures whom civilization has laid aside. Down the coast they would flog and burn them and shackle them in their cells. But because I am not a strong man physically myself I never resort to force. My brain rules them."

Leland stared gloomily in the direction of the compound. Now and then a light would flicker behind the wire, and once he heard a thin, shrill cry, which might have been that of a sea bird had there

"Put up that gun. It's only me," said Marillo, appearing in the doorway in his pyjamas

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



been sea birds there. He stirred uneasily. "We take them across to the mainland soon?"

"As soon as possible. They will row themselves across, under cover of your machine guns. Daily they work on the mainland, so they are used to the boats. By that time further reserves will have arrived on the far shore and they will take over. It would be unwise for us to go in the boats with them."

"Forgive me," said Leland, "but I am a little confused. You say these men are dangerous, and yet daily they work on the mainland. In daytime you do not confine them, and yet you dare not go inside the wire."

"It is very simple. They go daily across the water. They are guarded by the guns. Once they are ashore they know it is useless to try to escape; there is jungle and desert for scores of miles around. Once, two of them attempted the journey. They returned and gave themselves up. It is worse inside the jungle than inside the wire."

Marillo tapped the ash from his cheroot. "I did not accept them back," he said. "The others still talk of it."

He sighed. "But at night it is different. If they should get out at night they could cut our throats, take the boats, and, without the guns upon them, make a passage south. That is their supreme idea, *to get out at night*."

"But the wire," said Leland. "The wire is thick and safe. I noticed it as I came up. They'd never get out."

"No?" The commandant paused, smiling. "Ah! You have noticed it?"

"There's a sound," said Leland. "All along I've imagined I heard something."

"You have imagined nothing," said Marillo. "It is real enough. Listen."

Again there came an almost imperceptible sound. It seemed but an echo of an echo of a movement in the dark.

"That," said Marillo, "has been going on for over six months now. This island is volcanic lava. It is difficult to tackle with inadequate tools."

"But at this time of night? I don't understand——"

"But of course, at night," said Marillo.

Leland mopped his brow. "Are you trying to tell me," he said at last, "that they're working on a tunnel?"

"But of course," said Marillo.

"Good God!" he said. "Why don't you stop them?"

The commandant shook the ash from his cheroot. "My dear young man," he said. "I would gladly stop them if I knew where the tunnel was! There are two hundred huts out there. I can't put every one of them down as suspicious. Besides, we must be right first time. I must never be wrong. That is my power over the men."

"And they've been working on this for months?"

"Precisely."

"And you can't catch them at it?"

"Would you," said Marillo, "go in *there—in the dark?*"

"But in the daytime, when they are on the mainland and the compound is empty, then is the time to search."

"Obviously," said Marillo. "But there's nothing to be seen."

"But there must be. They must remove the earth they dig out."

"They are very clever," said the commandant mildly. "They carry it to the mainland in their pockets and scatter it there. We have found soil in the quarry, foreign to the soil that should be there."

"They should be searched when they go ashore. They——"

"Searched! When every man carries his handfuls of earth!" The commandant yawned. "Excuse me," he said. "It is getting late."

He rose languidly to his feet. "I feel," he said, "that you miss the point. I know that an escape tunnel is being made. They know that I know. But I can prove nothing until I find the tunnel entrance in the compound. The penalty, of course, is death. But every man of two thousand is concerned, and I cannot shoot a hundred men on suspicion.

"I think," he added, "your visit here may be prolonged. Down the coast I think there is a typhoon, and the fringe of it is just touching us."

By dawn the waters of the dividing strait were ruffled into small waves and the wind was steady. Leland watched the crowded boats push off from the jetty and sweep out into the channel.

Between their guards, the prisoners had trudged down to the shore. They were an assortment of men such as he had expected: ragged, forlorn, sullen. But beneath that sullenness, as they had tramped past him with Marillo at his side, he had seen from a glance here, or gesture there, an air of defiance. They had nudged one another as they passed; their quick, furtive looks had betrayed their recognition of a stranger.

"By tomorrow there will be a tempest," said Marillo. "Come, I will show you the compound. We shall have it to ourselves—now."

Beyond a solitary guard at the compound gates, the place was empty. The sand whirled round the desolate huts, and strings of tattered washing fluttered savagely in the breeze. It was, Leland felt, like opening the door of a wild beast's cage. Across the compound he could see the high piled wire with its inner tripline.

Whichever way he turned, he could see the wire, and a sudden compassion filled him that, month by month and year by year, this was the spectacle that must daily confront those who existed within. The wire, the sea and the burning sky.

An instant later, he knew that the compassion within him was false; that it was but a rationalization of his own fear. Under the morning sun, with the gritty wind in his face, he knew he was afraid. And when night came—and other nights to come. . . .

He became aware that Marillo was watching him. There was a gentle smile on Marillo's face, and just as suddenly he hated the man.

"We will inspect the huts," said Marillo. "You will find nothing suspicious there."

Within the huts there were boxes containing the prisoners' scant possessions, boxes piled with astonishing neatness beside the plank beds. The stoves were rusty and the walls mildewed, but the plank floors were very clean.

"They keep their place in order," Leland muttered. "With such lack of discipline and supervision it's surprising."

"It has nothing to do with discipline," said the commandant drily. "If you are digging a tunnel, you must leave no sign of it about. Your neck depends on a handful of earth."

The boats returned an hour before sundown. Two hours after darkness the waters of the strait rose in fury. The night was like a wall of black iron.

It was worse with the tumult of the tempest. It was impossible to hear what might be going on outside. Inside the shanty it was difficult to hear Marillo speak. Leland found that he must shout, and then discovered he was shouting too loud.

The smile on Marillo's face had a look of mockery. But Leland had a flask with him and he laced his glass of goat's milk with it liberally. Marillo refused an offer of the flask.

On that second night Leland woke before the dawn. There was a crashing at his door. He gasped out of sleep and dragged his loaded revolver from beneath the pillow. His legs were weak under him and the perspiration poured down his bare chest. The night seemed full of shouting. He groped for his torch and swung the beam of light on to his door. It was open.

Something moved beyond the threshold of the door. Leland pressed the trigger and the roar of the shot rolled round him like thunder. He crouched by his bed holding the revolver with both hands now, to keep it steady. Terror ran through him like an ague. There was a scuffling of footsteps and, a moment later, the far room was full of light.

He heard Marillo's voice: "Put up that gun. It's only me." Then Marillo was in the doorway, in neatly buttoned pyjamas.

He advanced into Leland's room, with an outstretched hand. "Please," he said quietly. "Give me that."

Leland handed over the revolver. Marillo opened the breech and dropped the cartridges out.

"You must not fire shots at the empty night," said the commandant smoothly. "It is dangerous."

Leland stammered: "Empty! . . . the night . . . I heard a sound. . . ."

"A sound? All storms make sounds. But I don't think you should sleep with a loaded gun at night. Anyway, there's nothing to be afraid of, you know."

He went out, closing the door gently behind him. The wind across the compound shrieked like an hysterical woman. Back in his own room, Marillo placed the revolver and cartridges in the drawer of his table and took out an envelope, once sealed, which Leland had handed to him on his arrival. It was unsealed now, and he drew out the single sheet with its half a dozen typewritten sentences. With the stub of a pencil he began to make notes on the back of the sheet.

For two days the storm continued. The sand-laden wind brought a darkness as of a fog about the island. It was as if an eternal twilight had fallen upon the settlement. Marillo kept to his quarters and Leland sat in his room nursing an empty flask. And his hatred grew.

It grew like a fungus on his mind. In the confusion of the storm those within the compound would be working at their sinister task with a double assurance. And Marillo would do nothing. There lay the frustration and despair. When he could tolerate it no longer, he broached the subject with a vehemence that surprised himself.

"This has been a fine opportunity," said Leland bitterly, "for those blackguards in there to get on with their tunnel. I know what I'd do."

"And what would you do?" asked Marillo.

"I wouldn't stand for it," said Leland. "I'd let them know who's master. I wouldn't sit here just waiting for things to happen. Every day, every night, getting nearer and nearer."

"By my calculations," said Marillo, "they should only have another week's digging to go."

"And if this weather lasts——"

"I can't control the weather," said the commandant, with his gentle smile.

And then, as suddenly as it had broken, the storm ceased. The wind fell away, the sand clouds dispersed. And, because the twilight was gone, a little courage came back to Leland.

"Now we have them," he said. "With my men and your men and the machine guns, we can go inside the wire. And you can give them just a minute to make up their minds or else you open fire. I will call my men."

"I have killed many men," said Marillo, "but never in cold blood."

"But that scum——"

"All God's sons—once," said Marillo. He glanced at his watch. "They have gone to the mainland. Come, let us make an inspection."

The orderly who accompanied them carried a bucket. Each and every one of the two hundred huts was precisely as it had been before. The b xes were still neatly piled, the hut floors were clean.

"Here," said Marillo, at the door of the first hut.

The orderly scooped a handful of earth from his bucket and scattered it across the worn floorboards. Leland pushed his cap to the back of his head in astonishment but made no comment as Marillo passed from hut to hut. There seemed, indeed, no comment to make.

The commandant was mad. That, clearly, was the explanation of it all. The long and weary years, the constant strain had had their effect. When

Continued on page 21

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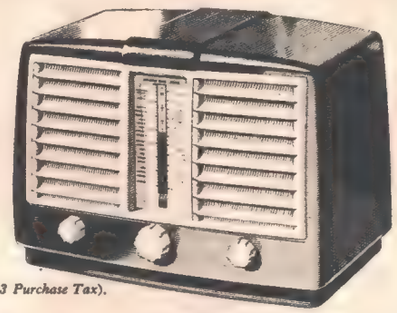

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Continued from page 18

he got back to Port of Holy Peter he would make a report on Marillo. It was only fair to the authorities to tell them the commandant of Sulango was crazy.

In every hut a handful of earth was thrown. Indubitably the commandant was mad. Over their midday meal, Marillo said: "The men are returning early today. Sometimes I give them a little holiday like this."

Leland said nothing, but he made a mental note of the remark. It would add force to his report.

Two hours after noon the men returned. They were singing as they trudged up to the camp. Half an hour later Marillo called Leland to his room.

"Please marshal your guards," he said. "I have decided that we shall move to the mainland in a week's time. I wish you to inform the prisoners. If you care to have your machine guns to cover you while you take a parade of the men, that is your affair."

It was towards the end of the parade that Marillo joined Leland. He sauntered casually from behind one of the huts and listened to the final sentences of Leland's harangue. His eyes passed lightly over the gun crews at their machine guns, and the slouching ranks of his two thousand prisoners. And when Leland had finished he spoke himself. He stood a little in front of his subordinate and folded his arms. The gentle smile was on his face.

"You have been told," he said, "that you are leaving here. You know that I have always tried to do my best for you. That is why I dislike a trust betrayed. However, no doubt I should have felt the same myself. There has been a tunnel made in this camp. *It begins beneath the floor of the third hut from the north-east corner!* The men in that hut are under arrest. They will in due course stand their trial. Dismiss the parade, Monsieur Leland, if you please."

Beyond the jetty, over the copper-coloured sweep of the sea, the disc of the sun touched the horizon; then, within minutes, it dropped, the glow in the sky faded, and night flooded up and over the island. The wind in the palm trees made a little whispering, but there was no other sound. There was no longer a tapping, a shuffling, a murmur of mischief from the compound wire.

Leland, on the shanty veranda, turned abruptly at the touch of Marillo's small hand upon his sleeve.

"It was really very easy," said Marillo. "If you plan an escape, you must leave no trace. The men were back in their huts for half an hour and they had time, should they need it, to tidy up. Very interesting, you know. The only hut, out of two hundred, which had taken such care to sweep away a tell-tale handful of earth, was the third from the north-east corner. Their guilty consciences betrayed them. It was only necessary to rip up a floorboard or two and there it was."

He fumbled in his pocket.

"And this is yours, Monsieur Leland." He held the revolver in the palm of his hand. "I must return your property, as you will be leaving at once."

"At once?" said Leland.

"Yes," said Marillo. "At once! Even though everything is very safe now. And this letter, perhaps you would take that with you to Port of Holy Peter and hand it to the authority. I was asked to make a report on you. I'm afraid it is not a very favourable report. If I remember rightly, I said, 'this official does not display sufficient imagination or ingenuity for the delicate task of camp commandant.'

"I have made no further point, which I hope you will admit is reasonably generous of me. Adieu, Monsieur Leland; your orderly is already packing your things."

MAKING THE PRIZES!

THE man you see here at work in a London furniture factory is busy on one of the famous "Berkeley" armchairs. Before long, you may be sitting comfortably at home in one of those very chairs—and it need only have cost you the entry-fee of that coupon from this page!

"A nice quiet corner, a comfortable armchair and a pipe of tobacco contributed largely to my success," wrote Brighton reader J. W. Brown, when he recently won £25 with a *Bullet*.

His choice in entertainment is open to you this evening and without queueing, travelling or paying high prices. Settle down with those *Examples* and your coupon below can bring you a £300 cheque and Armchair First Prize.

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£25 plus CHAIR, £10 plus CHAIR

10 of £5, 50 SEASON TICKETS, 1,500 "GOOD SHOTS"

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated October 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

PAGES TO SERVE YOU

EXPERT aid with *Bullets* and Crosswords, advance *Examples*, an amusing £25 Contest, the latest news of big winners—these are some of the regular features in *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette*.

Hundreds of successful competitors have paid tribute to the aid of this little weekly. Send for your copy with the label below; post it to JOHN BULL, either alone or with your competition entry this week.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Behind Britannia
Army Of Workers
Peace And Plenty
Builder Bevin
Coal
At Liberty
The Strike Weapon
In The Country
Carrying On
Waste No Time And
Without Enthusiasm
Almost Human
To Please Her
On Velvet
Half Asleep
Grandpa's Plan
Feeling The Draught
"Turn It Off!"
Upset The Lodger
Anything May Happen, So

Incomplete "Examples" — see Instructions.

Home With The.....
Led To.....
Borrowed Our.....
Delaying The.....
Charged With.....
Brought ..... Round

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"BULLETS" 1,598 (or XWORD 550), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

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£250

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£50 Cash, Runners-up. Extra Awards value £25 amongst winners with entry of 2s. or over.

New Coupon to Help You

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but the new form saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues

1. What guinea-pigs make
2. One who burgles often works by this
4. After battle, defeated army may escape by
5. It's more than likely spoilt child will get this of everything
8. Hard drive is likely eventually to free you of trouble with one
11. House of Commons wastes a lot of time sparring with these
13. You'll have to do this when pruning neglected old fruit trees
14. It brings peace to some people

Down Clues

1. Is sometimes associated with the word "little"
3. Regrettable that there are so many idle these at a time like this
6. It's not easy to stomach the greasy kind of these
7. Such a person finds it hard to tackle a job as he should
9. Kind of measure that perhaps has to do with flour or grain
10. Tenant who's just redecorated house for owner dislikes being asked to do this
12. When committee must take vital decisions, it's unpardonable for members to do this

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,594

FIRST PRIZE, £300: R. Palmer, 22 Bramble Road, Hatfield: IN MEMORY'S GARDEN WE WANDER *During* MEALS!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: D. M. Thomas, 8 Sutherland Street, Liverpool 7: GOT THINGS MIXED—LAUNDRY—SENT SPIV *Overalls*!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: O. Morris, 14 Sayce Street, Widnes: PULLING TOGETHER—OFFICIALS — OPENING FILING CABINET!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: W. Riley, 51 Albert Avenue, Anlaby Road, Hull: TRIBUTE TO JOHN—WHAT'S EXPECTED FROM HIM. £8: R. H. Williams, 59 Daffodil Road, Liverpool 15: DAD BOUGHT A PUP AND—LOST SLIPPERS—ARMCHAIR—*Heart*! £7: R. Pound, "Neatmoor," Nordelph, Downham Market: THE WRONG WAY—*Asking* MINERS—*Ordering* MASSES. £6: F. Wraight, 33 Brompton Lane, Strood: DAD BOUGHT A SUIT AND —"BEAT BOOKIE" AT LAST!

SIX PRIZES OF £3: Mrs. E. Clarke, 88 Alexandra Road, Crosby, Liverpool 23: HUNTING FOR CRUMBS—BABY, AFTER DISCARDING SLICE! L. Dawson, 3 Hurstwood Road, London, N.W.11: PULLING TOGETHER—PARENTS—MAKES HOME "MAGNET." W. Holt, 5 Tenter Lane, Warmsworth, Doncaster: THE LITTLE MAN—"SALTED"—SALUTED! G. L. Home, 11 Holme Gardens, Sunderland: SHOOK THE BOARD—SHAREHOLDERS' "DARTS." A. M. Watt, 77 Saughtonhall Drive, Edinburgh 12: HUNTING FOR PEDIGREE—YANK RETURNED DOLLARLESS, KILTED! P. Wilkinson, 61 St. Helens Road, Leigh, Lancs: AMAZING—WAY OUR *Crises* "RECOVER"!

12 Prizes of £2 10s., 25 of £1 10s., 50 of £1 and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

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WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Camel. 3, Bile or Bill. 6, Saw. 9, Slot. 12, Swiss. 14, Shade. DOWN: 1, Coal. 2, Mood. 4, Lear. 5, Page. 7, Stride. 8, Pod. 10, Storm. 11, Toes. 13, Spa.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Miss E. Holdsworth, 14 Alexandra Crescent, Ilkley, Yorks.

£25 CASH for Runners-up shared between 19 entrants. Awards value £25 shared amongst 20 prize-winners submitting 8 or more 3d. entries for this Contest.

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411

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B. .....

EX. .....

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Y	A		A		7		R	H	S	
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No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Plain-paper Squares, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 18.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

as I was saying.... by Herbert Hodge

STRANGER THAN FICTION

We all like a good story, even if it twists the truth. Yet facts can be presented so as to appear much more exciting than fancies

A GROUP OF US IN THE BUS, the other night, were talking about the rush-hour jam in the tube. One story led to another; each one more crowded than the last. Finally, a woman told us the exciting tale of a child she had seen trying to get into a packed train, just as the automatic doors were closing.

"It was dreadful," she said. "He got caught between them. We tugged and tugged, and *couldn't* get him free. If the train had started——"

I pointed out there was no danger, since the train couldn't start until the doors were closed.

"But think of the poor child!" she cried. "Crushed between those doors!"

"It doesn't hurt," I said. "The doors close very gently. Besides, if they strike an obstruction, they open again."

That put the lid on it. The rest, as they say, was silence—a silence that made me feel I had done the wrong thing. I had ruined her big story. I had spoiled the pleasure of the whole group. And all for a mere fact—a detail about a door.

It's the kind of situation I often find myself in. What ought the good citizen to do?

Theoretically, of course, the answer is obvious. By stating the fact you kill the error. So you perform a good action. And people *should* admire you for it.

But I seldom find it works out like that in practice. The plain fact is apt to seem dry and dull compared with the juicy gossip. In killing the error, you kill the excitement; and in killing the excitement you spoil everyone's pleasure.

I'm fond of gossip stories myself. But there's always a part of me which insists on the facts. And the two desires often seem in conflict.

Telling the Tale

I find a similar conflict when I'm reading that other kind of gossip—the kind that some historians call history; and some newspapers, news.

I take in two daily papers. One is an old and sober paper, reliable but dull. The other is full of sound and fury—hell's bells, hammer and tongs. I wouldn't trust it an inch. But I do enjoy it.

For the past two years, it's had a dried-egg complex. When Sir Ben Smith was Food Minister, it sneered at him for importing dried eggs that nobody wanted. When Strachey took the job, it frothed at the mouth because he cut down dried eggs—which, it now seemed, everybody wanted. And when the crisis came, its readers must have got the impression that dried eggs had swallowed up most of the American Loan.

When the two papers arrive in the morning, I read this one first. I read my Daily Sobersides later—solely to get the facts.

Now this is surely all wrong. Why should the facts be dull and dreary? Why should distortions seem so delightful?

I think it's partly because the people who present the facts often fail to make the best use of them. It may be fairly easy, for instance, to set down the significant facts about a certain political situation. It's also easy to write a lively story about that situation—provided you leave out any awkward fact that doesn't quite fit your story.

But it's much more difficult to write a story that contains all the significant facts, and also makes lively reading. So the reader, or the listener, usually has to choose between having the facts and having the fun. He seldom gets the two together.

I suppose that's why some people are so suspicious of a good story—and of the man who tells it.

Foreman Locked the Stores

I once had a job servicing farm machinery. Sometimes I went out with the foreman; sometimes I was left alone at the depot.

One day, out on the round, the foreman asked a farmer what he thought of me. The farmer said: "He can tell a good tale." Knowing the farmer, I knew he intended this as a compliment; but knowing the foreman, I feared he would take it differently.

He did. From that day on, whenever he had to leave me alone at the depot, he first locked up the stores.

I was annoyed about it at the time. It ended in a row; and I got my cards. But, looking back on it now, I can see it as a typically official reaction.

Perhaps it's a typically British reaction. And perhaps that's why my Daily Sobersides, and even the spokesmen of the Government I voted for, seem almost to go out of their way at times, to avoid making anything they say sound like a good story.

The Government, with most of the facts on its side, fails so badly in the art of their presentation as to leave most of the exciting stuff in the hands of its opponents.

The moral, it seems to me, is that we've got to make the facts sound more exciting than the distortions—and to realize that there's nothing to be ashamed of in doing so; since the facts, properly appreciated, are usually more exciting.

But I'm afraid we shall have to wait a long time before the average official mind begins to think like that. Meanwhile, the best I can do is to try to follow my own advice in my private gossip.

The next time I try to tell the facts about that door, I shall do it altogether differently. I shall say: "But the wonderful thing about this tube door is that it *doesn't* hurt when it catches you. . . ." And go on to explain why. Then, perhaps, I shall get them listening all agog

Herbert Hodge's candid commentaries appear in John Bull every week

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Careless Driving

"SOME WEEKS AGO my son, while riding his motor cycle, ran into a lorry coming out of a side street. He was later informed that he was to be prosecuted for driving without due care. He heard nothing more till this morning when he was informed that he had been fined £5 10s. and his licence suspended. Are the police allowed to fine a person without giving him a chance to defend himself? He had no idea that the case was to be heard on the date in question."

Your son should inform the magistrates that a summons was not served and they will order a fresh trial.

Schedule A Assessment

"MY WIFE BOUGHT A HOUSE in 1934, and while the mortgage was being repaid I entered the property as mine on the income tax return. When it was redeemed last year I informed the authorities that the house belonged to my wife, and they claimed the tax from her. Her wages are only 29s. a week and should be exempt from taxation. How can we claim repayment on the tax on the house?"

The special allowance given to a wife for earned income does not apply to the Schedule A assessment on a house, for this is regarded as unearned income. The rate of tax payable is therefore determined by your earnings, and the fact that your wife earns only 29s. a week has no bearing on the matter.

No Compulsion to Sell

"AN AUNT OF MINE owns a little land adjoining her house, but the area has been earmarked by a firm which intends placing a factory on the site. She has received a letter asking her to quote a price and saying that she must be prepared to go at a month's notice. Can she be compelled to sell?"

Your aunt cannot be compelled to sell to a private firm. If she does sell, she may make such terms as she wishes.

Tailor's Agreement

"I ORDERED A NEW SUIT last January at an agreed price, but two months later the firm sent word that they had not sufficient material and asked me to choose another cloth. I did so and was told it would be a few shillings more. Now the suit is finished they want me to pay an extra 22s.! Can they compel me to pay this?"

As you apparently agreed to accept the new cloth on the firm's terms you may be obliged to pay. It would be for the court to decide what was implied by "a few shillings more," but I don't think the matter would be worth court action being taken.

Pensioner's Insurance

"IF A MAN OVER THE AGE of sixty-five is still working and his employer stamps the cards, what benefits is he entitled to apart from his pension?"

The payment of contributions by the employer of a man over sixty-five does not give the man any right to benefits in addition to his pension. He is not entitled to sickness benefit, but he is entitled to free medical benefit for the rest of his life.

Legacy Overdue

"ON REACHING THE AGE of twenty-one, my son was to receive a small legacy left by a grandparent. He reached that age several months ago but has heard nothing from the executor. Ought my son to claim the money now? The executor knows his age. If he is kept waiting for his money, can my son claim interest?"

You should write to the executor claiming the money due to your son. Interest will be payable from the date it was due to him.

Letting a House

"MY HOUSE WAS BUILT in 1939 and I am buying it through a building society. If I want to let it, so that I can live elsewhere, can you advise me what rent I can ask? Is the house covered by rent restrictions?"

If the house was ever let before you purchased it, the rent payable on September 1, 1939, is the standard rent. You may add any increases in rates since that date. But if the house has never been let before you may charge whatever rent you think fit.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

NATIONAL DANCES. (1) Cuba. (2) The Czardas. (3) Scottish—it is a country dance. (4) The Spanish. (5) The Morris dance.

EXPLORERS. (1) His ship ran on to it. (2) Reach India by making a north-west passage of America. (3) Magellan's, but he died on the trip. (4) Finding Amundsen's flag already at the South Pole when Scott reached it. (5) America, some 400 years before Columbus. He was a Scandinavian adventurer living around A.D. 1000.

MIX-UP. (1) Animals: Tapir, mongoose, wombat. (2) Birds: Manakin, snipe, pipit. (3) Trees: Ilex, alder, hornbeam. (4) Insects: Orange-tip, cicada, ichneumon. (5) Fish: Brill, perch, tench.

RECORD-BREAKERS. (1) First, highest ascent in a balloon; now, deepest under the sea. (2) North Lancashire. (3) An electrical phenomenon encountered in thundery weather; a blue glow appears on the wing-tips and propellers of aircraft (and on the mast-heads of ships). (4) Hyperion, 1933; Windsor Lad, 1934; Mahmoud, 1936. (5) 903 for seven (England v. Australia at the Oval in 1938).

INDIA. (1) Singh. (2) About 250 years (1600-1858). (3) Purdah. (4) The Taj Mahal. (5) About three Hindus to one Moslem.

JOHN BULL COMPETITIONS: See page 21 for this week's results and two big prize offers

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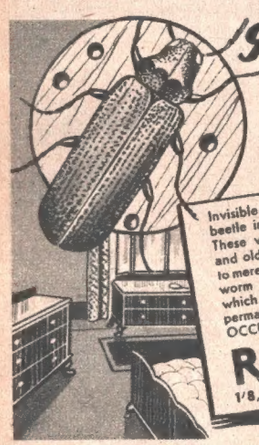

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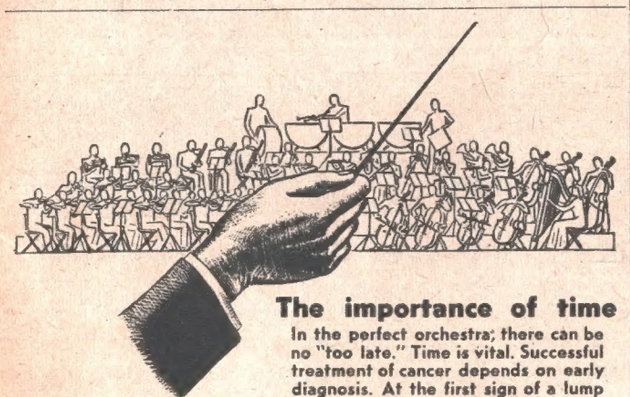

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